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Princess Victoria of Wales. Duchess of York. Duchess of Fife. Duke of York. Lady Alexandra Duff. Princess of Wales.

THE HACKNEY HORSE-SHOW AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL: ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL PARTY.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

There are many more murderers at large in this country than is generally believed; more murderers, that is, who have escaped the consequence of their crime. When the authorities have failed in discovering them, it is not a subject which they wish to be dwelt upon. "Murder," it has been sanguinely observed, "will out," but by no means always. Some murderers are also every year let loose, their sentences of imprisonment for life having been commuted. They have not that mark of Cain upon them which has been popularly attributed to them; nor is it at all likely that they are haunted by that passion of remorse with which our novelists have supplied them. It is probable that Bill Sikes never suffered that inconvenience from his victim's eyes of which Dickens gives us so graphic an account. In considering the circumstances of any murder with a view to the detection of the criminal, it is necessary to clear one's mind of cant as regards this matter; the police, of course, are not influenced by it, but the public are. A well-known clergyman once shot by accident a highwayman who was robbing him, and, we are told, never recovered from the shock; remorse for the guilt of bloodshedding possessed him to the end of his days. Something of this kind is supposed to happen to everyone who has designedly taken a fellow-creature's life. His victim must, however, be a white man. It is certain that few people would have scruples in wiping out a hostile inhabitant, for example, of Benin; and it is no less a fact that there is a section of our criminal classes which regards as a Beninite every fellow-countryman who possesses a purse and a gold watch. The sole consideration which prevents him carrying out his views is the fear of the gallows. Hatred and revenge, in quite another class of person, are not always restrained even by that; the extent of its deterrent influence will never be known till sentiment has abolished capital punishment. It would be interesting to know—some day, perhaps, it will be known—how many quite respectable but impulsive persons have at one time or another had murder in their hearts. It is a very different thing, of course, from committing it with their hands, but when it is there and opportunity is given, with a spark of sudden anger to light the train that is ready laid, it happens. It is foolish to prophesy until we know, but the late murder of the poor girl in the railway-carriage seems to point to a criminal of this kind. There was no gold watch or purse (to be called such) in the case, and even Bill Sikes has some sense of proportion. At all events, the popular theory that murder is a very exceptional crime, and only possible to monsters, is one by no means likely to conduce to the discovery of the criminal.

As for the cry for open railway-carriages which the crime has evoked, we have heard it more than once on similar occasions. The answer to it, on the part of the railway companies, has always been that the British public loves privacy—a rather disingenuous statement, for though it may be true of a small section of it, who like "a carriage to themselves," and are willing, in moderation (say, half-a-crown to the guard), to pay for it, the large majority like the society of their fellow-creatures, and think "the more the merrier" a good proverb. No murder has ever taken place in a third-class carriage, nor, until now, even in a second. It is only the Upper Ten Thousand or so that prefer solitude or aloofness. It is these chiefly who object to corridor-trains (to which, however, there are several real objections, such as the want of ventilation). Though numerically of small account, they are persons of influence and position, and the companies cite their views in order to excuse themselves as long as possible from alterations which will certainly entail much expense and little profit. In the meantime why should not travelling companions of unexceptionable respectability be provided at the railway stations for nervous persons? They would be supplied, of course, by the companies, and paid for like foot-warmers or other extras. In the present impoverished condition of our curates and their want of employment, this would seem to be an occupation especially suited to their needs. There would be nothing derogatory about it; they would only have to make themselves agreeable, with the opportunity, of course, of professionally "improving the occasion"; and if good judgment is employed in their selection, one can imagine a line well provided with attractive ecclesiastics becoming extremely popular with solitary (and single) lady passengers.

It is rather curious how the treating of a friend to drinks should be so universal a custom among the lower classes in this country and so little observed in the higher. "How will you have it?" is an interrogation that rises to some lips—and not necessarily thirsty ones—on meeting with an acquaintance as naturally as "How do you do?" to others, and in more certain expectation of a reply. Even when the upper classes drank heavily the proposition in question does not seem to have been common among them: they drank from eve to morn, but when they met casually they did not treat one another. In such cases they would probably have said, "Sweet or dry?" and their tipples would have been champagne, but there is no record of such hospitality. Among a large portion of the community the custom, on the other hand, has long prevailed.

An advocate of temperance was once arguing with a friend upon the impossibility of moderation. "When you have drunk one glass, you know it leads to a second." "Well," confessed the sinner, "a glass of something always makes one feel another man, and then, of course, one must treat the other man." In America, it seems, this has become such a point of honour that a Bill has been brought into the Senate to prevent it. If it becomes law, to treat a friend to a drink in a saloon will be punished by a fine of five dollars for the first offence, and imprisonment for five days for the second. In this case, "The Country of the Free" will scarcely deserve that title, or, at all events, that of the "free and easy." Think of a citizen whose home is beyond the setting sun languishing in chains for the best part of a week (i.e., including Sunday), and murmuring to himself, "Oh, Liberty, what crimes are done in thy name!" Of course, "treating" is a bad habit—though in England we do not forbid it, except at election times—but with many people it oils the wheels of commerce. It was, no doubt, the consciousness of this fact that caused the American humorist to remark that "he never on any account allowed his business to interfere with his drinking."

It is said that the gaiety of nations is likely to be increased by a breach of promise case in which the defendant is the lady. This is very unusual. What makes the case more peculiar, she is a Jewess, and the gentleman has embraced that religion—too hastily, as it turns out—in order to win her for his bride. The conversion of the Jews, it is understood, is not numerically a great success; it is whispered that it mostly happens—as in the case of deserters who enlist and re-enlist in the Army—to the same Jews; but conversions the other way, to Judaism, are still more rare. I know nothing of the case in question, but the observations that have been made concerning it about changes of religion for the sake of advantage appear to be grossly unfair—indeed, if the matter were absolutely before the court, which it is not, would be most improper—and also illogical. For how many crowned heads, both of old and at present, have done the same thing without one word of reprobation! Still, it is an affair which, as a great relief to the columns upon columns about "the Powers" (a term "of little meaning, though the word is strong"), will be welcomed by all newspaper readers.

To judge by the information conveyed in some of our weekly journals, there is a large section of the public that is interested in theoretical arithmetic. How many sovereigns piled one upon another would it take to reach the moon? How many times would the flannel made in England every year wrap the earth round, as though it were afflicted with rheumatism? Fortunately, these querists do not much afflict society. But there are learned persons in a somewhat similar line of business who do. Their knowledge of arithmetical facts is, like Macaulay's memory, a dreadful engine of conversation. I lighted the other day upon a capital story (a hundred years old, but new to me) of a Scotsman—generally a long-suffering nation as regards such inflictions—who, being driven to desperation by an astronomer, at last turned and rent him. He had diverted himself by asking the company, as if he were a divine, if they were aware of the immense distance they were from heaven. It was, he informed them, so many millions of diameters of the solar system, and would take many thousand years to traverse. "I don't know the distance nor the time," exclaimed the Scot, "that it would take you to get to heaven, but I know this, that it will not take you a millionth part of the time to go to the other place." People who can say things like that to persons who weary us with unsought information ought to be publicly rewarded. A riband with a little medal depending from it inscribed P.S. (Protectors of Society) would be a suitable acknowledgment. How welcome would be the presence of one thus decorated to a guest under the harrow of the statistician or the bimetalist!

Poor Blondin is dead, and, strange to say, has died in his bed. How many prophecies must have been made to the contrary by those who have witnessed his marvellous feats! It makes one almost a fatalist as one recalls them. Not content with performing prodigies of balancing at immense heights, he would make things more difficult by dressing in a sack, or walking in basket-shoes. Most persons would have been satisfied with crossing Niagara on a rope, but he must needs take a man on his back, and if that man could have expressed his feelings they would probably have been sufficient to fill a psychological novel. How the hearts of thousands were wont to thrill at the Crystal Palace when he used to pretend to slip! His exhibitions were of a sort of British substitute for the bull-fight; they looked quite as dangerous, but there was no bloodshed. He was an immense favourite with the public, who justly admired his courage, his confidence, and his coolness: these were his attractions, and not, as has been cynically said, the expectation of a catastrophe. The Englishman in "The Wandering Jew" who attends every performance of the lion-tamer on the chance of seeing him eaten is not a type of our race. Of course, Blondin's feats were not so difficult or dangerous as they appeared to the spectator. They were the result of years of practice and a perfect knowledge of the essentials of his profession; he

never omitted a precaution. If an infinite capacity for taking pains is genius, Blondin possessed it, and he very literally "knew the ropes." But when all has been said in the way of disparagement, his performances have never been equalled.

Three hundred years ago there was another Blondin—Jacob Hall—who made an immense reputation, especially with the ladies; but he was a rope-dancer rather than a rope-walker. He was described as a combination of Hercules and Adonis. Pepys says of him in his Diary—

To Jacob Hall's dancing on the ropes, where I saw such action as I never saw before, and mightily worth seeing; and here took acquaintance with a fellow that carried me to a tavern, whither came the music of this booth, and by and by Jacob Hall himself, with whom I had a mind to speak, to hear whether he had ever any mischief by falls in his time. He told me "Yes, many; but never to the 'breaking of a limb.'" He seems a mighty strong man.

In old times, it seems, there were feats in rope-walking which would, if performed to-day, have certainly the air of novelty. Simon Maiolus says he saw in Cisalpine France an Asiatic who danced securely on a rope with two swords made fast to the middle of his legs, so that he had to keep them at a respectful distance from one another. This must have been exciting. Among these old-world feats, by the way, was the original of our "Aunt Sally," but in human form. Antonius Nebrissensis (the very name of the witness ought to carry conviction with it) tells us that he saw a man from the Canary Isles that would keep one of his feet in the same footstep continually and suffer a man standing at eight paces off to throw stones at him. He, in the meantime, by moving his head and twisting his body this way and that, and sometimes by the change and shifting of his legs, would avoid the blow. "To this danger he would readily expose himself as oft as any man would give him a brass farthing." This amusement, like the fines inflicted upon our wife-beaters, seems cheap at the price.

Mr. Andrew Lang inquires, somewhat indignantly, in *Longman's* why a critic may speak his mind about Scott, Thackeray, Wordsworth, and not do the like about Dickens without being called a "superior person." It is curious that one so keen and intelligent, who, though a superior person (in a good sense), has himself a considerable (though in my opinion far from a sufficient) admiration for Dickens, is at a loss to understand this. The reason why the public at large dislikes any detraction of Dickens, as compared with other writers, is the same for which a man who hears with philosophy other men's wives talked about depreciatingly, dislikes to hear his own wife thus spoken of. Though Dickens has so long been dead, his personality still exists for a large majority of his fellow-countrymen. They love him not only as a writer, but for himself. They are indebted to him not only for infinitely more amusement than to any other author, but for the kindest sentiments that they have ever entertained. His books are to them a sort of lay Bible. I say nothing of the stock of apt quotations he has given them, which exceeds—I am not speaking of superior persons, but of the public—that of all other authors put together; nor of the lightness and brightness he has cast upon their often dull and commonplace lives; nor of the religious sentiments, apart from the dust of creeds, that he has sown in fertile and sometimes even in thin and stony soil. What they love in him is not so much his genius as his loveliness. It is the fashion, as it was always the fashion, for the superior person to look down upon Dickens: to speak of his "sentimental twaddle," his inability to "draw a gentleman" or "a portrait that is not a caricature," his "vulgarity," and so on; and these things the public resent not as insults but as blasphemies. Of this I am positively certain, and the fact, whatever opinion people of "culture" entertain of Dickens, appears to me to be creditable to him as a writer.

There are some remarkable subscribers to the Indian Famine Fund. "Four Rogues and their Mother" send five shillings a-piece. "A Fox Terrier, a Toy Terrier, and a Canary" give a shilling each, which is certainly quite as much as could be expected of them. "Fifty Lady Detectives" emulate their example. "A poor boy who sympathised with his fellow-creatures begged to subscribe his mite," but, unfortunately, there was no enclosure in the envelope. These subscribers (except the last) are as welcome as any, but the proposal that every soldier should be "at liberty" to subscribe a day's pay is not a satisfactory one; it reminds one of the cynical assurance, "There is no compulsion, only you must." Of course, every soldier is "at liberty" to give a subscription, but not, if it is collected officially, to withhold it. A similar suggestion was made that children in schools should be asked to subscribe to the Armenians, but very wisely abandoned. If they wish to give their little offerings it is always open to them, through their masters or otherwise, to do so, but to make benevolence in our juveniles compulsory would be doing more harm than good. There are some children (if subscription lists are to be believed) who yearn to spend their pocket-money in missionary enterprise, but they are rare. The charity of the young, when natural, begins and ends at home—that is, on objects that they are familiar with, or at least understand.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE EASTERN CRISIS.

The Cretan Question is no nearer a solution, despite the formal announcement in Parliament of a scheme of autonomy for Crete and a direct intimation by the Powers to Greece that coercion will be employed to compel the withdrawal of the Greek fleet and troops. The state of Crete at present is not flattering to Europe. Nothing has come of the foreign occupation of Canea and other towns on that coast except an increase of disorder among the Moslem population. The Mussulmans of Canea signified their gratitude to the Powers by setting fire to the Governor's palace and attempting to loot the treasure-safes. Outrages on person and property are of daily occurrence, and the "mixed marines" are helpless. The insurgents continue their operations with unflinching success. They have taken a fort at Selinos with many prisoners, and they are believed to have captured Candamo, where there are apprehensions of a massacre. Perhaps the most significant circumstance about the fall of Candamo is the appeal of the better class of Mussulmans for Greek intervention. If Colonel Vassos had been allowed to continue his task of pacification, it is extremely probable that by this time Crete would have been fairly peaceful. It has been asserted in the House of Commons that the foreign occupation was the only guarantee of the protection of life and property; but the events since the bombardment of the insurgent position near Canea do not confirm this official optimism. When Mussulmans are found declaring that the only hope of peace is the union of the island with Greece, the diplomacy of Europe can scarcely be described as triumphant. It is confidently affirmed at Athens that the King of Greece will decline to yield to coercion. This policy is defended on the ground that until King George has positive evidence that the coercion is real, and that the "Concert" will stand the strain of active measures against Greece, he would be unwise to abandon the attitude of defiance. Some friends of Greece think she has done enough, and that she may honourably withdraw. On the other hand, it is doubtful whether withdrawal at this juncture would not mean the downfall of King George's dynasty. Popular feeling at Athens, at all events, is all for holding out. Moreover, the difficulties of coercion are obvious. The blockade of the Piræus, even the sinking of the Greek fleet, would not alter the situation in Crete. Colonel Vassos might continue to hold the island for King George, or he might nominally resign his commission and throw in his lot with the insurgents. In that event, the Powers would have to conquer nearly the whole population of the country, much of which is almost inaccessible, and present the spectacle of forcing a so-called autonomy upon an unwilling people.

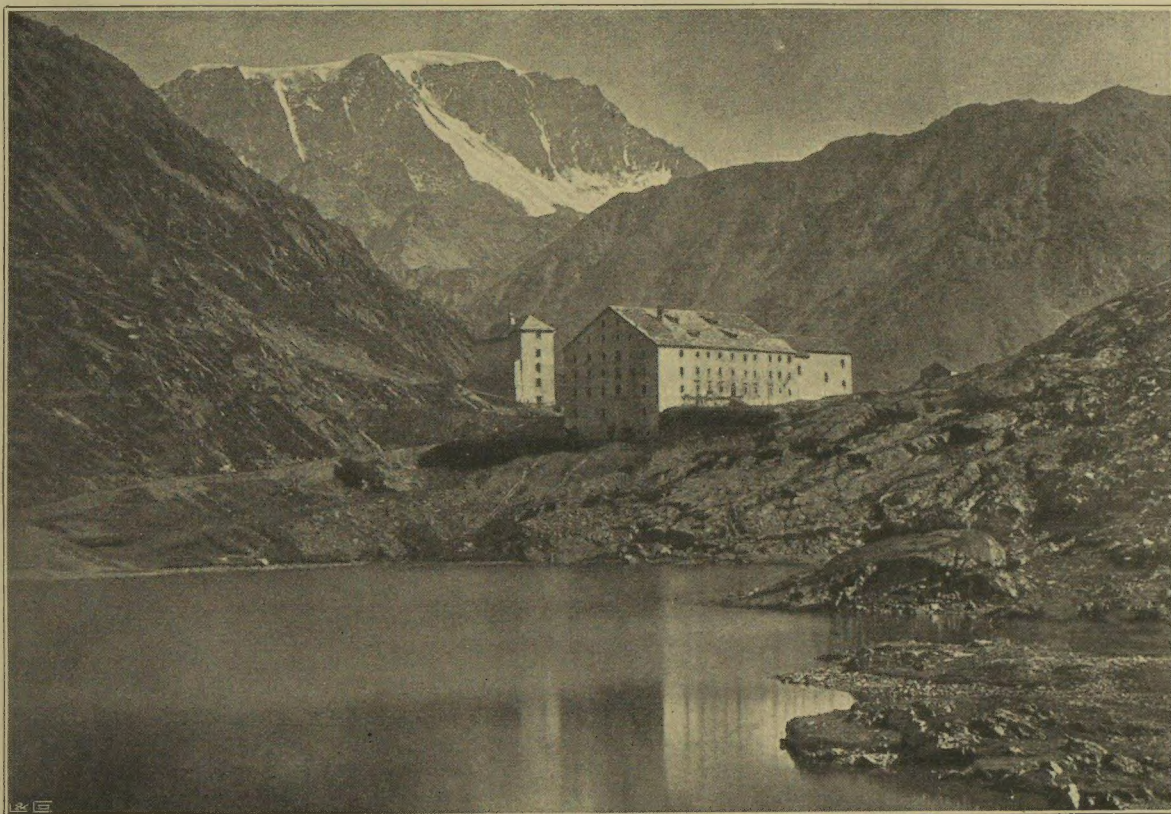
The Cretan Blue-book shows that Lord Salisbury manfully stood out against coercion when Germany, Russia, and Austria refused to consider autonomy at all. The scheme announced to Parliament is dubious at the best. It contains the singular provision for leaving Crete at the mercy of a Turkish "police." This is not the sort of administration which is usually called autonomous. Besides, there is no assurance that should an autonomous Crete eventually proclaim its desire to be annexed by Greece, the Powers would respect and ratify this decision. In such circumstances it was not to be expected that the species of autonomy to which Lord Salisbury, by exertions which deserve all praise, prevailed upon the "Concert" to assent, would be received with enthusiasm anywhere. It is quite evident that the Foreign Secretary has had to encounter the animosity of Russia and Germany, especially of the Kaiser, against the Greeks and the Christian Cretans. The Emperor William, always erratic, appears to be enraged against Greece for presuming to interfere in a business which is the special concern of illustrious monarchs. This temper has so far baffled the efforts of the British Government to bring about the most rational settlement of the difficulty. Clearly every step taken by the Powers has had the effect of strengthening the resolve of the Cretans to be governed by Greece and Greece alone. A military occupation by a European force might foil this ambition for a time; but how is this force to be composed? Will the jealousies of the Powers agree on such an adventure? How long will the occupation last? Who is to answer for the resignation of the Cretan insurgents when the foreign troops are withdrawn? Quite apart from the coercion of Greece, these questions are very difficult to answer. There is one more which comes a little nearer to English feeling. Will public opinion in this country tolerate the participation of our fleet in the bombardment of Greek towns and the destruction of Prince George's squadron?

The latest news, as we go to press, is that the Collective Note of the Powers has been communicated to the Turkish and Greek Governments, in terms which are practically the same as those of the telegram sent by the British Government to the other Powers last week, and proclaimed in the

House of Lords by Lord Salisbury. The limit of time allowed to the Greek Government for the withdrawal of all its troops is six days, but the Admirals of the Powers have already ordered the Greek war-ships to depart within forty-eight hours. The state of anarchy in Crete has been yet further illustrated by a serious mutiny among the gendarmes at Canea, commanded, in the interests of the Powers, by Major Bor. Some fighting took place before the mixed marines succeeded in suppressing the revolt.

THE HOSPICE OF ST. BERNARD.

All who have ever visited the famous monastery of the Great St. Bernard, and many who have never themselves experienced the simple hospitality of the Alpine brotherhood, will sympathise most sincerely with the monks over the damage which their ancient hospice has suffered from an avalanche of snow. Both monastery buildings and monks seem to have had a very narrow escape from utter destruction. The brothers were seated in the refectory, all ignorant of approaching danger, when one of the many avalanches which have lately worked disaster in the Alpine heights, owing probably to the unusually sudden return of mild weather after the winter's snows, descended upon the left wing of the building, and carried it almost entirely away, at the same time blocking up all ways of egress. For the time being the monks were practically entombed, but they managed to cut a tunnel through the snow, and send word of their perilous condition to the valley below. Assistance was promptly forthcoming from Aosta as soon as the news of the disaster arrived, and, fortunately, none of the monks were seriously injured. But the ancient building, of which some part at least has stood upon the site of a Roman temple for upwards of nine hundred years, has been even more severely damaged by the avalanche than by the fires which in the past have more than once



THE HOSPICE OF ST. BERNARD, PARTLY DESTROYED BY AN AVALANCHE.

threatened to destroy it, for the great dining-hall, the kitchen, and other portions of the fabric are completely wrecked.

THE HACKNEY SHOW.

The growth of the hackney in popular favour is illustrated by the thirteenth show of the Hackney Horse Society, which opened at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, on Tuesday last, for not only has the display attracted a larger throng of spectators than usual, but the total number of exhibits stands considerably in excess of that of last year, and is just double that of the show of seven years back. A new development has this year been made by the introduction of a sale class, more particularly in the interests of the many foreign buyers who visit these shows as representatives of their several Governments. The new class contained forty-six entries, and, to judge from the satisfactory number of purchases effected, will doubtless show an advance on that number in ensuing years. Another change in the character of the show is the abolition of the gelding classes, which have not found much favour in previous years, and the institution, in their stead, of classes for riding and driving horses, the competitions for which were to be held on Thursday and Friday last. In the yearling stallion class the first prize fell to Mr. Tom Mitchell's Islington, Mr. Heaton's St. Mellons and Mr. W. Waterhouse's Prince Crompton being second and third respectively. In the two-year-old class Mr. Mitchell was again victorious with his Edemynag, and in the three-year-olds (under fifteen hands) Mr. Marmaduke Wray's Windsor carried off the first prize, Sir Walter Gilbey's well-known winner of last year, Royal Danegelt, taking the first honours among three-year-olds of over fifteen hands two inches. The judging in the other classes was continued on the second and third days of the show. On the opening day the Hall was visited by the Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria, the Duchess of Fife, and the Duke and Duchess of York, Sir Dighton Probyn and Miss Knollys being in attendance. The royal visitors, who received a most enthusiastic welcome, witnessed the awards in certain classes from the royal box, and followed the parade of prize-winners with close attention.

THE INDIAN PLAGUE.

A striking incident in the plague's reign of terror in Bombay is illustrated by our Artist this week. Deeming the city's sins responsible for its present sufferings, the entire Mohammedan community of the place recently kept a solemn three days' fast, throughout which prayers were offered up unceasingly for the staying of the plague. On the fourth day a gathering of many thousand Mohammedans assembled, by permission of the Government, on the open space before the European Gymkhana, for the purpose of holding a great intercessory prayer-meeting. The ceremonial of the occasion began with the recital of special prayers by the chief Kazees present, and then, at a given signal, the whole assemblage abandoned itself to an ecstasy of prayer, alternately standing, kneeling, and prostrating itself upon the matting prescribed for the ritual of the orthodox Mohammedan's devotions. After more than an hour of continual prayer addresses were given by the Kazees and Moulvies, standing on platforms erected for the ceremony. Another period of supplication followed, and throughout preaching and prayer alike the feelings of the more fervent frequently found vent in loud cries to heaven. After a final evening prayer of dismissal the long fast was broken with wheat cakes and dates, and then, after due ablutions, the great assembly slowly and solemnly dispersed, strong in the faith of the ultimate efficacy of its pious entreaties.

THE FRENCH ENVOY IN ABYSSINIA.

In connection with the announcement of a forthcoming British mission to King Menelik of Abyssinia, under the direction of Mr. Rennell Rodd, more than ordinary interest attaches for the English public to the accounts of the French Envoy's reception in the same district, and we therefore give an illustration of M. Lagarde's arrival at Harrar, the first halting-place on his official journey to his audience with King Menelik. Harrar is an important hill town with a strong fortress, which makes it the key of the north-east Galla-lands; it was founded some three hundred years ago by Somalis and Gallas, and has long been an important centre of trade with the coast. It formerly owned the sway of Egypt, but was acquired by conquest by King Menelik just ten years ago. The town is now the headquarters of the "Ras" or Chief Makonnen, who gave M. Lagarde a very hospitable welcome. While still some six hours' journey from Harrar the French envoy was met by a detachment of cavalry, and on arrival within an hour's march of the town M. Lagarde and his party found a guard of honour drawn up at intervals along the remainder of their route. For the final stage of his journey the French Envoy had donned the insignia of his office as a Plenipotentiary Minister of the French Government. A salute of twenty-one guns greeted the arrival of the mission

at the gates of Harrar, where Abyssinian troops were massed with very picturesque effect. Ras Makonnen received his guest at the entrance to the town and led him to its great square, where the clergy of the Abyssinian Church were assembled. After his formal reception, the Envoy saluted the sacred relics and eikons of the Church, and was then conducted by his host within the palace. The remainder of the day was given over to public holiday and general festivity throughout the town.

THE HOME OF THE O'DOHERTYS.

Up to a comparatively recent date the Donegal highlands were less frequented than any other part of picturesque Ireland by tourists from a distance, but within the last few years the many scenic beauties of the district have been discovered by an increasing number of visitors, with the result that great strides have been made in the development of hotel accommodation and other conveniences for the traveller. The village of Buncrana, in which stand the remains of the ancient castle stronghold of the O'Dohertys, has become a recognised health resort and watering-place, and promises to come yet more into vogue as a refuge for the rheumatic, by reason of its sea-water, needle, and bromo-iodine baths. But the fact that Buncrana is "recommended by the faculty" has not yet availed to rob the pretty village on Lough Swilly of its highland charm, and few fairer or more restful spots can be found by the holiday-maker who shuns the madding crowd. Lying at the mouth of a pleasant valley, watered by the Owenkillew river, the village with its surrounding fields affords to the eye a picture of rural comfort, which is all the more effective in contrast with the sterner aspect of its sheltering hills. The knoll on which the Castle of the O'Dohertys stands is almost an island, in the embrace of the river Owenboy, famous for its salmon and sea-trout. Fishing of various kinds in one or other of the rivers, or in Lough Swilly itself, is, indeed, one of the attractions of the place, but other interests, such as boating and golf, are to be found in plenty in this charming retreat, as our Artist has shown in his illustrations.



H.M.S. "Barfleur."

French "Suchet."
H.M.S. "Dragon."

H.M.S. "Revenge," Flag-ship of Admiral Harris.

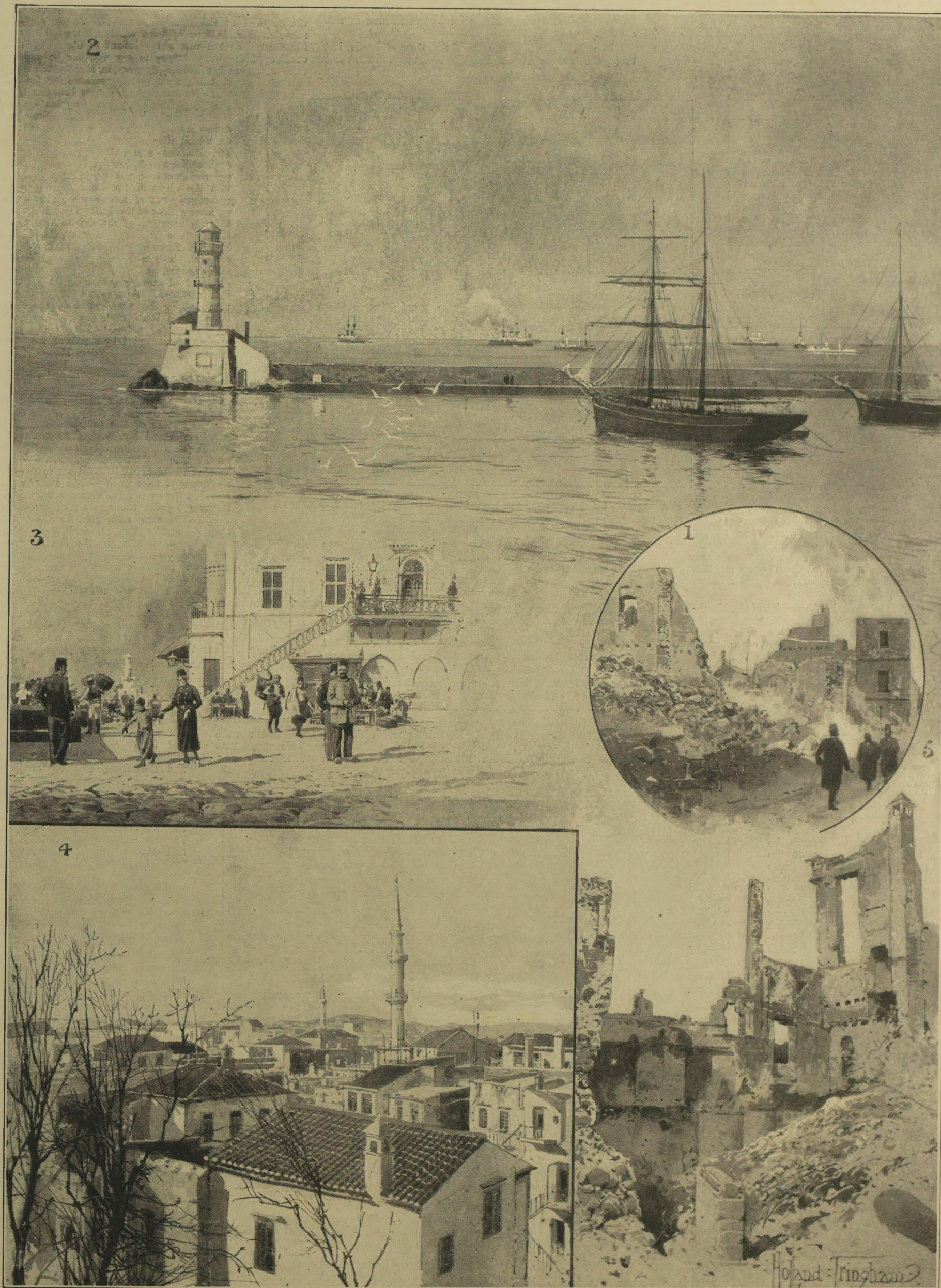
French Flag-ship "Admiral Charner."
H.M.S. "Bruiser."

H.M.S. "Rodney."

French "Troude."

THE EASTERN CRISIS: SCENES OFF THE COAST OF CRETE.

From Sketches by an Officer on one of the Ships off Crete.



1. A Main Street, formerly lined with Shops, now Destroyed by Fire.
2. The old Venetian Breakwater and Lighthouse.

3. Open Space adjoining the Landing-Stage—the Scene of most of the Fighting connected with the Attempted Escape of Refugees.

4. General View of the Town from the Top of the Bastion.
5. A Typical Scene in the Town after the Five-Days' Fire.

THE EASTERN CRISIS: VIEWS OF CANEA.

From Photographs by Lieutenant J. Shirley Litchfield, H.M.S. "Revenge."

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, after holding the Drawing-Room at Buckingham Palace on Wednesday, Feb. 24, next day returned to Windsor, accompanied by the Duchess of Albany and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and joined by the Empress Frederick of Germany at Paddington station; while Princess Henry of Battenberg went to visit her son at school at Lyndhurst, and afterwards to Farnham on a visit to the Bishop of Winchester and Mrs. Randall Davidson. On Friday the Queen held a Council, at which the Duke of Devonshire was present, and pricked the list of Sheriffs for England and Wales. Lord and Lady George Hamilton were the Queen's guests that day; the Archbishop of Canterbury, with Mrs. Temple, and the Earl of Mount-Edgcumbe on Monday.

The Prince of Wales, on behalf of her Majesty, held a Levée at St. James's Palace on Thursday, Feb. 25, accompanied by the Duke of Connaught and the Duke of York and Prince Christian. His Royal Highness next day presided over the committee meeting of the Archbishop Benson Memorial Fund at the Church House, Westminster, and on Saturday at a meeting of his Council of the Duchy of Cornwall. On Monday he left England for a brief sojourn in the South of France.

The Duke of York on Thursday was in the chair at the annual dinner of the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum.

A Cabinet Council of her Majesty's Ministers was held at the Foreign Office on Saturday.

Sir Matthew White Ridley, the Home Secretary, made a speech on Friday at the annual dinner of the Association of Municipal Corporations. Another association, that of Municipal Officers, comprising those of 259 cities and boroughs, held its annual meeting at Guildhall, welcomed by the Lord Mayor of London.

A deputation of three hundred persons, including eighty-two members of Parliament, representing all political parties, had an interview with Mr. A. J. Balfour and the Duke of Devonshire on Friday, asking for Government relief or a legislative remedy for the unequal and excessive pressure of Board-school rates. Mr. Balfour said that Government earnestly desired to propose a measure of relief for the poorer districts as early as possible, but could not promise it this Session if so much time was to be occupied in passing another Bill for the assistance of elementary schools.

The strike of men in the service of the North-Eastern Railway Company from York to Edinburgh was terminated at the end of last week by referring the settlement of the dispute or alleged grievances to a conference with the directors on March 12. Most of the men, except those belonging to Sunderland, returned to work.

The election of a member of the London County Council for West Marylebone took place on Friday, when Lord Royston, the candidate of the Moderate party, obtained a majority of 940 votes over Mr. Bertram Straus, the Progressive party candidate.

The South Africa Inquiry Committee of the House of Commons on Friday continued its examination of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, who was questioned by Mr. E. Blake and by Mr. Labouchere upon various topics connected with Dr. Jameson's inroad into the Transvaal, the Uitlanders' alleged grievances at Johannesburg, the profits of the gold-mining companies there, the tariff and railway policy of the Transvaal Republic, and its relations to the Cape Colony, but more particularly concerning the position of Mr. Rhodes himself and his duties as Prime Minister of the Colony and managing director of the British South Africa Company, and his relations to the Governor and High Commissioner, from whom he concealed his knowledge of the intended attack on the Transvaal Government. Dr. Jameson was present at the inquiry, and would be the next witness called. The Committee sat again on Tuesday.

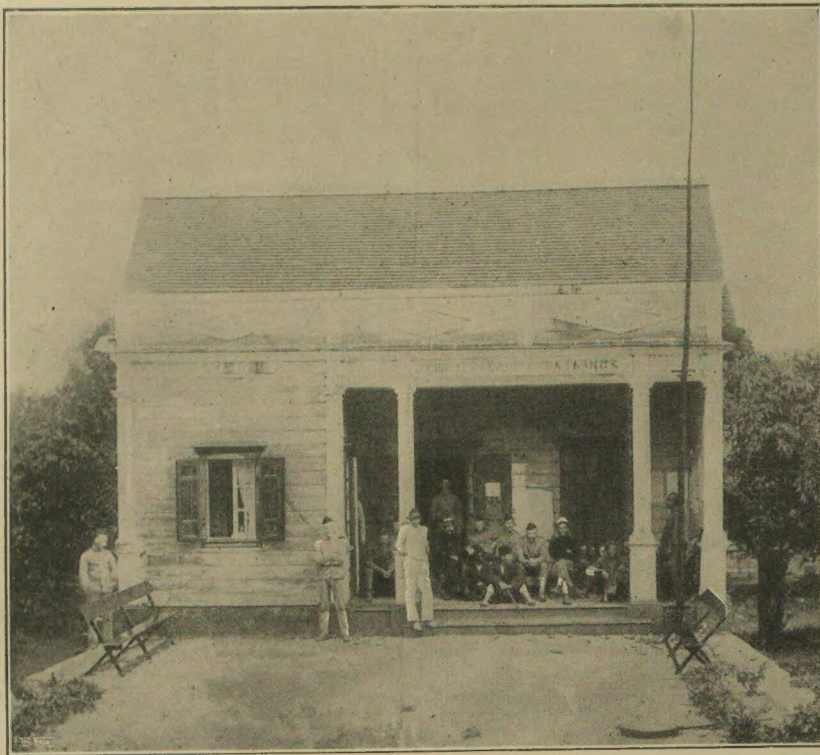
An action brought against the British South Africa Chartered Company by Mr. G. A. Chaddock, formerly a captain of one of the Cunard steam-ships, has been tried by the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice. He had in 1884, at his own private cost and with his personal labour and risk, explored a navigable entrance to the Limpopo River, and published a chart and description, of which the Company, seven or eight years later, under the management of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, took advantage to send arms and ammunition to Gungunhana, a native chief, in a local insurrection against the Portuguese Government. The Company had not given Mr. Chaddock anything for his trouble and expenses. Upon the payment of £250, which he now accepted, the case was withdrawn.

The Mansion House fund to relieve the distress of the Indian famine has received subscriptions to the amount of £378,000. The Viceroy's report for last week states the number of people on Government relief lists at 3,141,000, of whom 1,621,000 are in the North-West Provinces,

412,000 in Bombay, 411,000 in Bengal, and 324,000 in the Central Provinces. There has been useful rain in some parts for the harvest prospects, but not in Upper India or in the Central Provinces.

From Mashonaland we learn, by the most recent news, that Major Gosling on Feb. 23 attacked and captured the fortified kraal of another rebel native chief, called Mashongonika, which was destroyed by fire. One of the English troopers, named Bradley, was killed in this conflict.

Rear-Admiral Rawson, after the capture of Benin, left that place with the Naval Brigade, returning to the coast



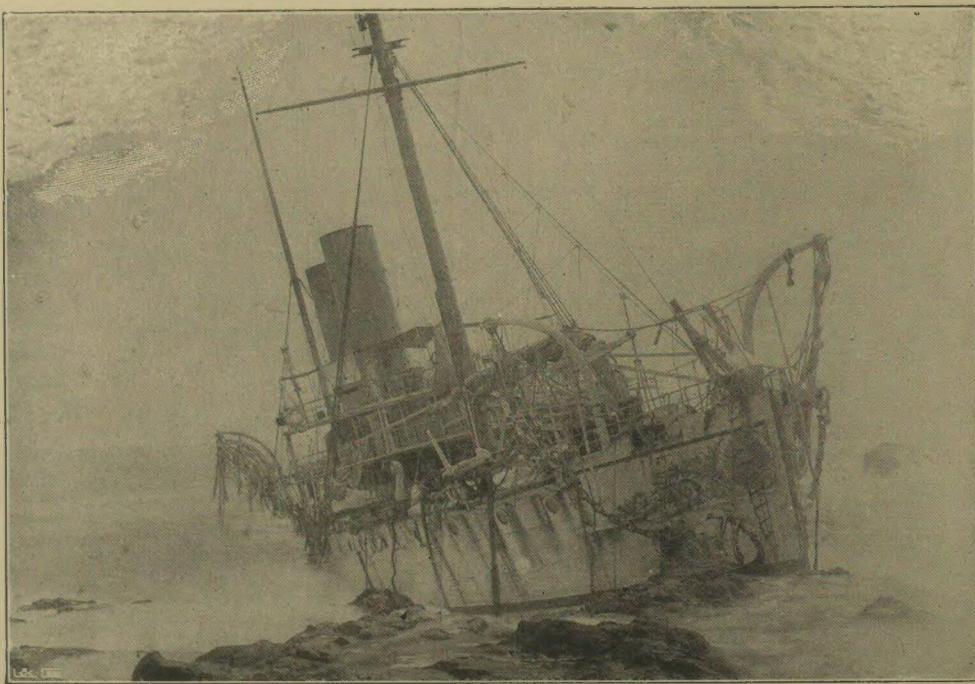
THE WRECK OF THE "WARREN HASTINGS": TOWN HALL, ST. PHILIPPE, WHERE SOME OF THE RESCUED WERE SHELTERED.

and the Brass River; all the wounded of his force were doing well. Surgeon R. H. Way, R.N., died of heat-apoplexy at Warri. Consul-General Moor, with the Houssa troops of the Niger Coast Protectorate, remained at Benin. The King of Benin had not yet been captured.

The Royal Niger Company's military expedition against the hostile Foulahs has obtained a further, and probably complete, success by the capture of Ilorin on Feb. 16 after two days' fighting, in which none of the Europeans were killed or wounded. This is expected to terminate the campaign.

The Venezuela boundary treaty was signed at Washington on Feb. 27 by the British Ambassador, Sir Julian Pauncefote, and Señor Andrade, the representative of Venezuela. It will be submitted to the Congress of that Republic.

Judgment has been given by the arbitrator, M. Martens, a Russian jurist and Councillor of State, against the Dutch Government of the Moluccas, for £8550, with



THE WRECK OF THE "WARREN HASTINGS."

From Photographs supplied by Lieutenant W. Windham, of the Royal Indian Marine.

costs, to be paid as damages for the illegal detention of a British whaling-vessel from Australia, and the imprisonment of Captain John Carpenter, upon a false suspicion of piracy, in November 1891.

An abortive attempt in the city of Manila, the capital of the Philippines, to overthrow the Spanish Government while General Polavieja was pursuing his campaign against the rebel army at Cavite, has been suppressed with severe street-fighting, in which the native Carabiniers mutinied and joined the rebels, but were defeated by the loyal Spaniards, and some two hundred killed.

PARLIAMENT.

The debates on the Education Bill are becoming tedious, chiefly owing to the persistency of the Opposition in pressing small amendments which after long discussion are defeated by overwhelming majorities. One important debate was raised by an instruction moved by Mr. Lloyd George laying down the principle of popular control over the diocesan authorities which will have the disposal of the new grant in aid of the Voluntary schools. Mr. Balfour opposed the instruction, mainly on the ground that it was not relevant to the Bill. When challenged by Mr. Courtney to say whether he approved the proposal on principle, Mr. Balfour replied that when a separate measure for the creation of popular control was brought before the House he would express his opinion. Needless to say that this Parliamentary device gave the Opposition speakers a theme on which they dilated at such length that Mr. Balfour was obliged to give several explanations of his meaning. Another entertainment of the Opposition is to invite the views of Sir John Gorst, who is notoriously out of harmony with his leaders on some points of the Bill. On one occasion the adjournment of the debate was moved because the Vice-President of the Council had not favoured the Committee with his opinion. The real interest of the House is still engaged by Crete. Ministers announced a scheme of autonomy to which the Powers had assented. Apparently it was to be preceded by the withdrawal of the Greek troops from the island, the Turks remaining to act as "police." Discussion of this project was retarded by a rule of the House which prevented Sir William Harcourt from moving the adjournment, because Mr. Dillon had inadvertently left on the paper a notice of motion with regard to the same subject. When the House at last got to business, the leader of the Opposition asked for particulars of the proposed autonomy. Mr. Curzon and Mr. Balfour replied that it would mean the elimination of the Sultan's authority from Cretan affairs. Mr. Courtney wanted to know what action the Government would take if the other Powers persisted in the coercion of Greece; but on this important point there was no information. Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Arnold-Forster applauded the Greeks, and Mr. Gibson

Bowles denounced them as pirates. In the House of Lords the Prime Minister—as usual, much more explicit than his colleagues in the Commons—questioned whether the Greeks and Cretans had anything in common, but suggested that Crete might, at all events, try autonomy before she decided for union with Greece. This may be taken as a pretty broad hint to Europe that if the autonomous Cretans should throw themselves into the arms of the Greeks later on, England will do nothing to prevent them.

WRECK OF THE "WARREN HASTINGS."

On Jan. 14, off the island of Réunion, in the Indian Ocean, the troop-ship *Warren Hastings*, belonging to the Marine Department of the Imperial Government of India, was wrecked upon a reef about two hours after midnight. This vessel was at that time employed in conveying four companies of the York and Lancaster Regiment, 2nd Battalion, from Capetown to Mauritius, on their way to India, and four companies of the 1st King's Royal Rifles, from India, to be landed in Mauritius, where she was due on the next day after the disaster. Happily, all the troops and the crew and officers of the *Warren Hastings* were saved, being taken on board the *Lalpoora*, a British steamer, which brought them safely to Mauritius on the 18th. But we learn, from a later well-authenticated account of the circumstances, that the preservation of so many valuable lives was in some measure due to the conduct of an officer of the *Warren Hastings*, Lieutenant Walter Windham, of the Indian Marine Service, who perceived, in the darkness of the night, that there was some accessible ground under the ship's bow where she had struck, and who then, taking a blue light in his hand, letting himself down by a rope from the ship, ascertained the position, communicated it to those on board, and continued to direct and assist the escape of the soldiers and other passengers, carrying some of the women and children in his arms through the heavy surf that was beating over the rocks. When the ship heeled over suddenly, to the great terror of those who crowded her deck, some of them jumped

overboard into the sea. Lieutenant Windham instantly plunged in to help those who were struggling with the waves; he was dashed and bruised against the rocks, and got his foot badly cut; but four grown-up persons and one child, who were in danger of perishing, were saved by his personal efforts, under the eyes of the other officers; and the captain of the *Warren Hastings* has, we believe, sent a report to the Royal Humane Society, recommending the gift of its gold medal to this brave young man. These particulars are stated in a letter which we have received from Mr. Percy M. Thornton, who is acquainted with Lieutenant Windham's personal history.

PERSONAL.

There is a revival of the suggestion that when the Foreign Secretary happens to be a peer he ought to have the right of making statements of policy in the House of Commons. The present situation is curious, for Lord Salisbury habitually gives more information to the House of Lords than is given by the Government in the Commons. In times of crisis the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs has rather a bad time, for he is constantly asked questions which his limited responsibility does not permit him to answer. It is thought that if Lord Salisbury had the right of speaking in both Houses many difficulties and anomalies would disappear. There is little chance that this suggestion will ever be anything more than academic. Parliament has no taste for innovations in its constitution, and even the obvious merit of a reform is no real recommendation. Besides, the relations between the Foreign Office and the Commons are always so delicate, owing to the natural reticence of the one institution and the voluble curiosity of the other, that although Parliament has a technical right to be consulted in foreign affairs, in practice every Foreign Secretary tells as little to the legislators as he possibly can.

Sir George O'Brien, K.C.M.G., who has been appointed to succeed the late Sir John Thurston as Governor of Fiji and High Commissioner of the Western Pacific, has seen a good deal of Colonial life in the service of his country. A son of the Right Rev. Thomas O'Brien, Bishop of Ossory and Ferns, he was born in 1844, and after receiving his education at Westminster and Trinity College, Cambridge, entered the Ceylon Civil Service thirty years ago. He subsequently held the post of Police Magistrate at Harris-patter, Assistant Government Agent at Colombo, Treasurer of Ceylon, and Auditor and Controller of the Revenue of Ceylon. Six years ago, however, he left Ceylon to become Colonial Secretary at Cyprus, and a year later was transferred to the same office at Hong-Kong.

M. Yriarte, Inspector-General of Fine Arts in France, has paid an unexpected compliment to the South Kensington Museum. He says it is the Mecca of the foreign connoisseur; but he hints that the housing of our precious trophies of art and science is quite unworthy of the collection. This is a sentiment which is entertained at home very strongly, but so far no Government has been willing to spend the money necessary to redeem the Museum from the nickname of the "Brompton Boilers." Perhaps M. Yriarte's timely protest will have an effect denied to home-brewed indignation.

Mr. William Willis, Q.C., who succeeds on the Norfolk Circuit to the place vacated by Mr. Addison, the new County Court Judge for Southwark, in Judge Bristowe's stead, has practised as a barrister for some thirty-six years. He was made a Q.C. just twenty years ago, and in 1886 was appointed Recorder of Malden and Saffron Walden. He represented Colchester in the Liberal interest for five years, from 1880, having won his seat by the unusually small majority of two. He is a son of Mr. William Willis, a Luton manufacturer, and received his education at Huddersfield College and London University. Mr. Willis is known as an eloquent and witty orator, and his genial temperament has won him a host of friends during his long career.

The Pope is still talking about Anglican orders, a subject which has absolutely no interest for the mass of mankind. He has lately delivered an allocution on this and kindred matters. It would be more to the purpose if the Pope were to express some interest in the political conflict between Christendom and Islam; but that is too delicate a topic for the head of the Roman Church.

The Emperor Menelik has lost his most renowned soldier. Ras Alula is dead at a comparatively early age. He was a general to whose great military qualities European experts have borne high testimony. At one time he was friendly to England, but latterly he regarded us with angry suspicion. His personal appearance was so remarkable that his face has been described as bearing an uncomfortable resemblance to that of a tiger.

Mr. Rennell Rodd, who has been entrusted with the charge of the special mission to the Court of King Menelik of Abyssinia, has earned considerable reputation in diplomatic circles during an official life which has taken him in turn to Berlin, Athens, Rome, and Paris, and on special missions to Cairo and Zanzibar, requiring particular discretion and tact. He has a decided aptitude for literature, having published several volumes of graceful verse since the year 1880, when he won the Oxford Newdigate Prize and recited his poem at Enceania with more than ordinary effect. He was a very popular man at Oxford in his day, and his social qualities have stood him in good stead as a diplomat. While stationed at Berlin he earned the friendship of the Empress Frederick, at whose request he wrote a biography of the late Emperor Frederick. The special mission will leave Cairo on March 11 on a British gun-boat, proceeding to the Red Sea port of Asidaboa, where King Menelik's escort is to await its arrival.

A craze for King Charles I., of blessed memory, has broken out at Philadelphia, where Bishops have taken to preaching on the virtues of that monarch. Perhaps this is due to the temporary excitement caused by Mrs. Bradley Martin's ball, at which the guests arrayed themselves in imitation of bygone Sovereigns.

The Hon. Cecil Bingham, who is one of the members of the mission to King Menelik which is going out with

Mr. Rennell Rodd as Special Envoy, is a son of the fourth Earl of Lucan, and is now in his thirty-sixth year. He is a Captain in the 1st Life Guards. Some of the officers of the expedition have already left England. Captain Count Gleichen, Lord Edward Cecil, and Captain

Speedy sailed on Monday last for Egypt, via Brindisi. Captain Swayne, another member of the mission, was also to leave England before the end of the week.

Mr. Robert Newman still continues to stick to his Wagner for all it is worth, and in the Symphony Concerts at the Queen's Hall of Saturday, Feb. 27, Wagner was the staple article, and in the Promenade Concerts of the evening of the same day; on the latter occasion the Hall was not crowded so completely as on the previous Saturday, but it should serve. Mr. Henry Wood produced, as a kind of novelty, Isabella's song from "Lieberverbot," the Wagner opera which saw light once, and only once, in the year 1836, and of which the score has disappeared into the night. By whatever process, however, this song exists, and Miss Lucile Hill sang it with effect.

Some account of the gallant conduct of Lieutenant Walter Windham, an officer of the Indian Marine Service, on the occasion of the disastrous wreck of the *Warren Hastings* in January last will be found on the opposite page, but we here reproduce the plucky young sailor's portrait.

The Syndicate of Cambridge University has reported in favour of granting the degree of B.A. to women. This is an advance on the sentiment attributed to a brilliant collegian who gravely affirmed that "God did not intend women to learn Greek." It is suggested that the degree

of Bachelor of Arts is incongruous in this connection. Spinster of Arts would be nearer the mark; but the playful undergraduate would translate it into Artful Spinster.

On Tuesday afternoon last Mr. Mark Hambourg gave his last piano-forte recital at the Queen's Hall previous to his departure to the Continent and Australia. He played in his most brilliantly effective style, with absolutely perfect technique, with splendid physical endurance, and with amazing refinement and delicacy. Such qualities as these should surely suffice for so young an artist, who leaves you somewhat cold when he attacks music of complex and very deep emotion. His playing of two brilliant Scarlattis, for example, left nothing to desire; but when he came to the human sensitiveness and the nervous pain of Chopin, he gave you in perfection the technical beauty of the master, but left you unthrilled and undisturbed. These maturer qualities may indeed come with years; at present his gifts are sufficiently splendid and rare even in the absence of this other greatness.

Mr. Edward Wingfield, who has been appointed to succeed Sir Robert Meade as Permanent Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, has been Under-Secretary at the Colonial Office since 1878. Educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford, Mr. Wingfield was eventually called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, and practised on the Home Circuit until his appointment to the Colonial Office. He is now sixty-three years of age, two years younger than Mr. Bramston, his senior in office, whose close approach to the appointed end of a civil servant's term of years has thus made room for the promotion of Mr. Wingfield. Mr. Wingfield is aided in the Assistant Under-Secretaryship by Mr. Edward Fairfield, who has now been in the Colonial Office for thirty years, and is likewise a barrister. Mr. Fairfield has been an Assistant Under-Secretary for the last five years, and earlier in his career served on special missions to Gibraltar and Cyprus. He has a very wide knowledge of South African matters.

The Crystal Palace Concerts were resumed after the Christmas holidays on Saturday, Feb. 27, and will last without intermission down to April 17, inclusive. It may be devoutly hoped that the public will really make some effort to give efficient patronage to these admirable entertainments, for once more the provisional threat of their summary ending has been made. As was natural in a concert hall in which Schubert has practically been introduced to the British public, Saturday's concert took the form of a Schubert commemoration. A quantity of the "Rosamunde" music was very well played, and the Symphony in C was given with all the beauty and distinction which have made Mr. Mann's conducting so memorable. Mr. Edward Lloyd also sang with great effect the famous "Serenade." It was a particularly interesting afternoon.

The tragic death of Naval-Surgeon Charles James Fyfe, M.B., of Rear-Admiral Rawson's flag-ship, *St. George*, while ministering to a wounded comrade in the final onset at Benin, has cut short a career of exceptional accomplishment and yet greater promise. For although he had been in the service but five years, of which the last three had been spent on the Cape of Good Hope and West African station, he had already received a medal and two clasps, and had thrice been mentioned in despatches. Mr. Fyfe served in the Naval Brigade landed by Sir Frederick Bedford at Bathurst, on the Gambia, for the punishment of the slave-trading rebel, Fodi Silah, in 1894, and as surgeon of Rear-Admiral Rawson's flag-ship he took part in the punitive advances against the King of Nimbé and the Arab chief Mbaruk. He was also present at the bombardment of the palace at Zanzibar last August.

Mr. Tom Mann, Independent Labour candidate for Halifax, has a poor opinion of Mr. Sam Woods, who is not a member of the Independent Labour party. Mr. Woods, it seems, does not understand Socialism because his "mental calibre is not equal to it." It is scarcely an argument for Socialism that Mr. Mann's mental calibre is capable of grasping its sublime impossibilities.

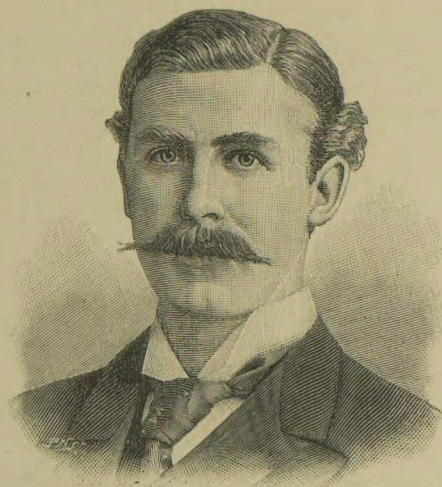


Photo Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.
MR. RENNELL RODD, C.M.G.
British Envoy to Abyssinia.

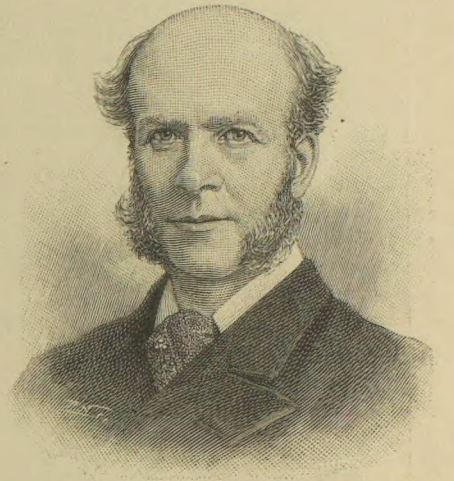


Photo Bassano.
MR. EDWARD WINGFIELD.



Photo Russell, Baker Street.
THE HON. CECIL BINGHAM.



Photo Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.
MR. WILLIAM WILLIS, Q.C.,
The New County Court Judge.

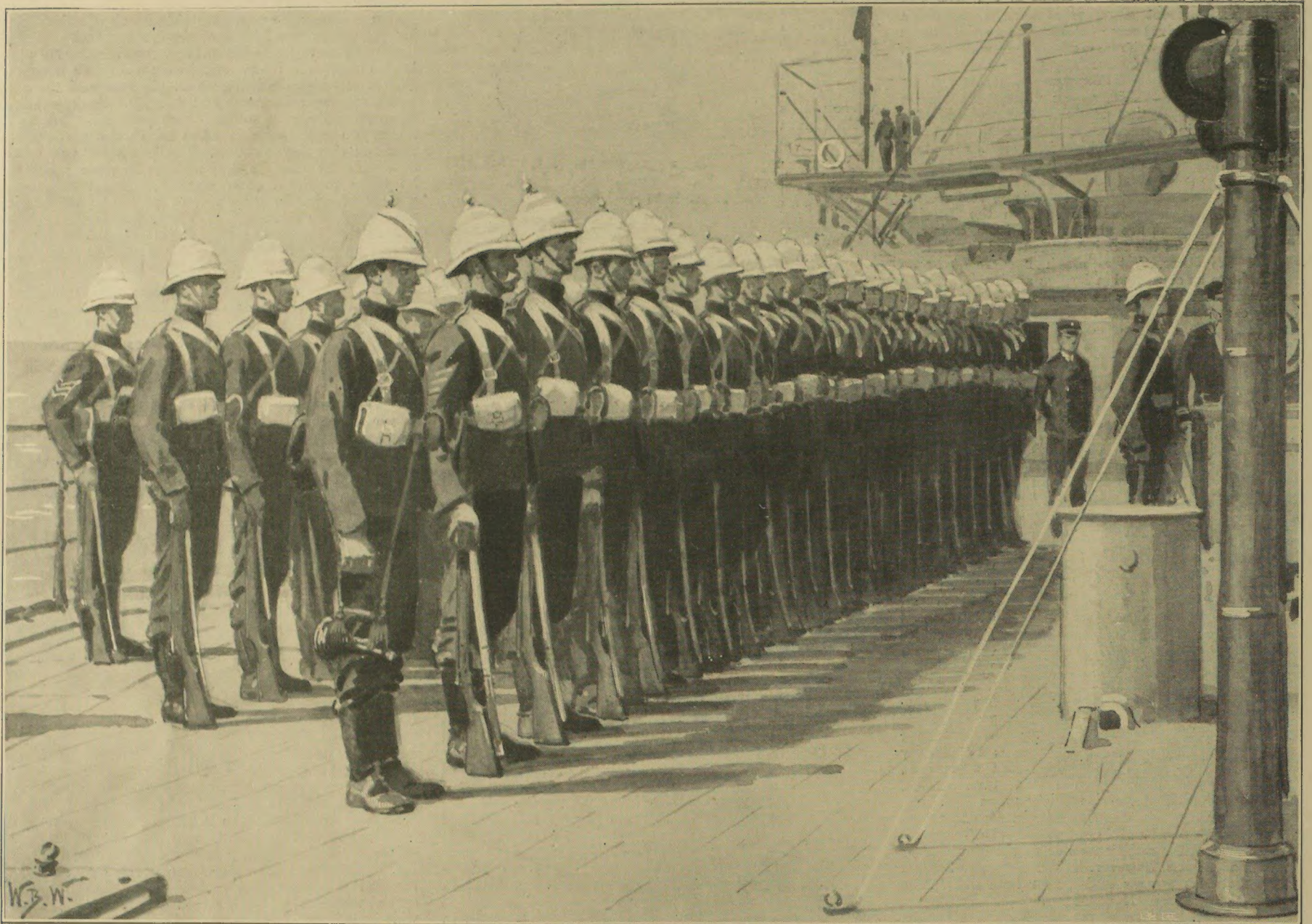


Photo Treble, Lavender Hill.
LIEUTENANT WALTER WINDHAM.



Photo McClure, Macdonald and Co.
THE LATE SURGEON C. J. FYFE, R.N.

T H E E A S T E R N C R I S I S.



PARADE OF THE ROYAL MARINES OF THE BRITISH FLAG-SHIP "REVENGE" BEFORE LANDING FOR THE OCCUPATION OF CANEA.

From a Photograph by Lieutenant J. Shirley Litchfield, H.M.S. "Revenge."



GREEK FIELD-ARTILLERY EMBARKING AT THE PIREUS.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

A FOUNTAIN SEALED

BY

SIR WALTER BESANT

ILLUSTRATED BY H. G. BURGESS.

CHAPTER XVII.

"LET HIM TELL ME HIMSELF."

It was, however, a week and more before Joseph came. When he did come, he found his sister in no mood to listen to any reproaches or threats. What was the anger of Joseph compared with

troubles and terrors which at that moment filled my heart?

It was, I well remember, the 24th day of October—the day before the End. From my open bed-room window, I looked out upon the Park full of people, and full of sunshine, the warm yellow sunshine of

autumn. The autumn sun could not yet reach our garden on the west side of St. James's Place: the dwellers in the garrets, on the other hand, enjoyed all the sunshine that falls upon London and Westminster. So that if sunshine can compensate, poverty has its compensations.

As was often the case in the morning, I was alone. My cousin was gone by water to the City, whither her affairs often called her. The house was quiet save for the chatter of Mrs. Bates and her children upstairs. The parlour window was open for the sweetness of the air; yet, because the night had been cold, there was a small coal fire burning in the grate. I sat beside the table, leaning my head on my hand, an open book of poetry before me, some needlework in my lap, and my lover in my mind. When a girl is loved and also loves—sad for one of these things to be found without the other!—I suppose her lover is always in her mind: she dreams of him: she thinks of him if she wakes in the dark hours of the night: she puts his name, instead of her own, into her prayers: she dresses to please him: she thinks to please him: she considers all day long what will please him. Only to please him she would be beautiful, she would be good. My sisters! great and wonderful, nay, miraculous, is the power of Love, since it is strong enough to raise the soul—even a grovelling soul—from lowest depths to heights of virtue.

I have never been to a theatre, but I have read many plays. Every play has a story, which they call a plot: every play is divided into five acts, in each of which something is done which carries on the plot and advances it and increases the interest and absorption of the reader or the spectator. My life, I think, is a play—that is, a small portion of my life. The Prologue or Introduction is the House at Dartford with the gloomy Joseph. Act I. is the First Meeting in St. James's Place: Act II. is the Masquerade: Act III. is the River: Act IV. is the Morning of October 24. The last Act is the Morning of October 25.

There was a step on the stairs—a step I knew full well: a step that always announced a cheerful face and an affectionate heart—yet not the step I could have wished to hear.

The door opened, and Edward stood there alone.

"Edward!" I sprang to my feet with the cold shiver which heralds coming evil. "But where is George?"

"I have not seen him this morning." His face was very grave—what had happened? "George does not know that I am here. Are you alone, Nancy?"

"My cousin has gone into the City with Molly. I am quite alone."

He entered the room and closed the door. "I am so far fortunate," he said. "May I sit down and talk with you a little?"

He sat down, took my hand, pressed it—and kissed it.

"Nancy," he said, "you know that I love you—I would delight in seeing you happy—in the way that you most desire. Believe this always, dear girl. I have no other wish for you—the way you most desire—I know full well what that way is."

"You have always been kind, Edward. Why should I not believe it? You are my brother—almost—George's brother will be mine, will he not?"

"I am not blind, or deaf, Nancy. On the river, dark as the cabin was, I heard and saw—certain things. Forgive me for reminding you. My dear, it is very certain to me that George loves you to distraction, and that you—may I say it?"

"No, Edward; but you may think it."

"My poor Nancy!" Again he took my hand and held it. "All this has been my fault."

"All your fault? Is it your fault that two people love each other and are happy?"

"It was by accident that we met, that night, for the first time. George was greatly excited by the adventure. He has been brought up, for certain reasons, in seclusion, so that he has not been allowed the liberty which other young men enjoy—he has not been able to enjoy adventures and dangers such as other young men court—"

"But why?"

"For certain reasons," he replied. "As for me, I am of very little importance—a younger son does not count. I could go and come as I pleased. Besides, I was placed in the Navy, where I have had opportunities of learning the world. Well . . . the truth is that I was grieved to find George so ignorant of people: there seemed an opportunity for him to observe certain gentlewomen of tastes and manners delicate, yet not belonging to the great world. In other words, I would introduce him, through you, to the better class of those whose husbands and brothers work for their livelihood."

"Yes—so you brought him here—not thinking what else might happen."

"If we were always thinking of that we should do nothing at all. I wanted to get him outside the narrow circle—of course a man in his position is always kept in

a narrow circle—it is his greatest danger. You observed that George talked at first as if he had been taught everything."

"We could understand that he was wonderfully ignorant of many things—how people live, for instance."

"How should he know anything? Nancy, there was also another point in which



"Nancy—sweetest girl—I would to Heaven you were in love with me."

he was profoundly ignorant—the knowledge of women. Above all things a young man in his position ought to know something on that important subject. What have I taught him?"

"You brought him here. He did the rest himself."

"Yes. At first it was to be a polite call—just to hope the lady was none the worse. But George was struck: the simplicity of the conversation—let me say it, Nancy: the absence of flattery, self-interest, effort to please: the refinement of the ladies: the ease, and yet the propriety of their manners: add to which, the beauty of one: these things, which he had never met before, fired him in his way. George is slow in being moved by anything except by principle. But when he is moved he is firm—even obstinate. He would come again and again: I must come with him: presently he would not keep away: he talked about you all the morning: in the evening he talked with you: after returning home he sat among his mother's friends as mute as a mouse, because he was thinking about you."

"Well, Sir—was that a calamity?" I asked him, with a laugh, but there was no response in his face.

"Nancy, he was slowly, for the first time in his life, falling in love. Yet he is now already twenty-two years of age. For my part—I am twenty—but—well—sailors are made of stuff more inflammable. Yet it would be incredible if it were not true. For the first time, George is fully possessed with the idea of a woman. Your image wholly occupies his heart."

"Oh! Is this what you came to tell me? But will this knowledge make me unhappy?"

"No, sweet girl, I think not. In thy society George hath learned more than love. He has learned to think of men and women as a man himself: they are no longer of importance to him in regard only to their position and their rank; he has learned that however high may be a man's rank, a simple woman with no rank at all may surpass him in knowledge—yes, Nancy, and in breeding and in heart. A dozen times hath my brother spoken to me to such effect as this. Whatever happens, Nancy, never will he forget the lessons that he hath learned from thee." And the tears stood in his eyes.

I was silent—foreboding something terrible. He went on, his dear kind face so full of trouble that I trembled and shivered.

"This has been a pleasant time, Nancy, to me, as well as to George. To me, because I have seen that noble heart bursting the bonds in which an ill-judged seclusion has swathed it. No one knows what George might have become, or may yet become, except myself, his brother and his playmate. He is all truth and candour; he is full of religion; full of principle; wanting only in the knowledge of men and women: Dear Nancy, it has been, believe me, a very pleasant time." Yet now the tears, already in his eyes, came also into his voice. "But it must stop. The time has come when it must stop."

"Why must it stop?"

"It should have been stopped long ago. It is all my fault. It should have been stopped before—before George felt the whole force of love and before—before, Nancy, you yourself—"

"Why must it stop? Oh! Edward, tell me—why must it stop? Oh! do you know what these words mean to me?"

"Nancy, has George told you nothing? Child, do you suspect nothing?"

"George is a gentleman of noble birth. What else is there to tell me?"

"Then he must tell you himself. I cannot. I promised I would not. Nancy, in a word, he cannot marry you. Understand. It is not a question of what he would like or would choose. He has no voice in the matter. He cannot marry you. He must make an alliance fitting his position."

I made no reply at first. "Then," I said, "why does he swear that he loves me?"

"Because it is the truth, Nancy—the real downright truth. How he will get out of it I know not. Nay, for him I care little: many a man has to give up the girl he loves—for this or that reason. It is—oh! Nancy—it is not George that concerns me so much—it is the girl whom he must leave behind. She it is who troubles me."

"Why do you tell me all this then? What do you wish me to do?" I asked, trembling.

"I do not know. I want to put an end to a situation which is full of peril. Nancy—sweetest girl—I would to Heaven you were in love with me—then would I brave the world and show the way! But it is my brother. It will make him miserable to end it. Yet it must be ended. It must be ended." Thus he repeated continually, as not knowing what else to say. "His wife you cannot be. Nancy, you cannot—you cannot. Believe me, you cannot—you cannot—and his light o' love you cannot be. Never would George propose such a thing. He loves you too well, Nancy. What is to be done? Try to think of some way out."

"I know not—yet—Edward—if that is your name—perhaps I ought to call you Lord something."

"It is Edward. Call me Edward, Nancy. And don't think too hardly of me for telling you the dreadful truth."

"Do you come from George?"

"No, I have no message from George."

"Does he know that you are here? Does he know that the end must come?"

"George is in the Heaven of accepted lovers: he is drunk with love: he cannot listen to reason: one cannot discourse with George as with a rational being. No, Nancy, George has not sent me: George would not allow that there must be an end: George is incapable of acting with prudence. I have come myself, without authority, to give you a warning, so that you may be prepared. The forces against you are overwhelming. There must be an end."

I waited awhile, thinking. Then I rallied my poor shattered spirits, and presently stood up and spoke slowly.

"You have been so kind a friend, Edward, that I cannot believe you would seek to do me an injury. Pray remember, however, that you did not court me for George; he did his courting for himself. He asked me to be his. I am his—I belong to him. I will take my release from none other than George himself. I shall do what he commands me, not what you wish. If he desires to marry me and to keep me in concealment I shall cheerfully obey. I am wholly his—his servant—his slave, Edward—"

"Dear girl, you stab me with a knife. What shall I say? I want you to break it off suddenly—to go away and remain concealed—and so to break it off. Better so—believe me, than to wait—I know not what may happen at any moment—and then there will be the full shock—of discovery"—he went on talking as if with himself—"and no more possibility of going anywhere or doing anything except under the eyes of the whole world. Oh! Nancy—Nancy—if you would only go away and bring it to an end yourself."

"I will not. Nothing shall induce me to run away from George. He shall tell me what to do. I belong to him," I repeated. "I belong to him."

"Then I waste my time. Yet I know that there must be an end, and that before long. There must—well—I have executed my task. You will hate me all your life, Nancy."

"No, Edward—you will all my life be as a brother, whether—oh, my heart! my heart!"

He stayed with me while I sobbed and wept. He wept with me. 'Twas the most tender pitiful soul. He could not bear to see tears rise to any woman's eyes: and I know that he regarded me with a particular esteem and affection. Else would he have brought his brother back day after day?

"Let things go on," he said at last. "Let them end as George and you shall agree. For me, I neither make nor mend in the matter henceforth. George loves you, Nancy, that is quite certain. How he will find an end, the Lord knows, not I. Rocks are on the lee: and a plaguy surf: well—let her drive."

CHAPTER XVIII.

MY BROTHER JOSEPH.

He turned and left me. That is, he would have left me, but he was stopped, because, as he opened the door, he was met by the figure of my brother Joseph—none other—who stood there face to face with him.

Edward stepped back with a bow. "Oh, Sir," he said, "I ask your pardon." And so made way for him and would have passed behind him but Joseph banged the floor with his great gold-headed stick and turned upon him with the fierceness of Joshua rather than the meekness of Moses.

"Friend!" he roared—he meant "Enemy," if the voice has any meaning—"what does thee in this place? What does thee with my sister?"

"The lady, Sir, does me the honour of receiving a visit from me. If she is your sister I would point out that your question might be put more courteously, even from one of your coloured cloth."

"I care nothing, friend, for thy opinion. Tell me what does thee with my sister?"

"I have nothing more, Sir, to tell you. Miss Nancy, your brother—if he is your brother—seems angry. Do you wish me to stay? It seems as if you may need some protection."

"Stay, if you please," I replied.

I remember even now the picture of these two and the contrast they presented standing one in the doorway, the other facing him. What could be greater than this contrast? On the one side a gentleman well bred and courteous, easy and assured: on the other my brother, angry and rude. As he stood in the doorway, he was dressed in his stiff Quaker drab, with neither cuff nor collar, and with metal buttons; on his head he kept his hat without lace; his hair was without powder, and just tied behind. His face was red and threatening, full of wrath, hard as the nether millstone: his eyes were angry: his brows were knit. With it all, because wrath does not go well with Quaker tranquillity, he was still stubborn, self-satisfied, schismatic. Never was there seen so great a contrast as that between these two men. It made me ashamed to think that I must call this ungainly monster my brother.

Robert Storey must have given him some garbled account of my life and of my friends. Nay, I am quite sure that he must have decorated the account with circumstances, invented for the occasion, of dishonour. Otherwise, how to understand Joseph's condition of rage?

He came, in fact, straight from Robert's book-shop,

and was resolved to drag me, willy nilly, by the hair of my head, if necessary, out of this Pit of Destruction—this Lake of Unforgiven Sin.

It was unfortunate for his purpose that he arrived at a moment when I was face to face with a danger far more terrible than the wrath of Joseph. His arrival was a thing that annoyed—but there was a far greater thing behind it.

Joseph began by pointing about the room: at the pictures: at the books: at the music and the harpsichord.

I repeat that the trouble in which I was plunged by the unexpected disclosure—if disclosure it should prove—of obstacles in our way only hardened my soul against the wrath of my brother. This trouble was so great that the interference of Joseph and his indignation over such a trifle as my defection from the Society irritated me. The moment was certainly most inopportune for any remonstrance from him.

"Sister," he said, "is this my cousin's lodging? Or is it thine?"

"It is Isabel's, Joseph. Do you like it?"

He pointed with his stick to the pictures on the wall. "These Allurements of the Devil"—'twas Diana surprised by Actæon. The picture represents nymphs surrounding the goddess in the water. 'If the Devil has no stronger Allurements than the sight of bare arms and shoulders the women, I believe, are comparatively safe. "Allurements, I say, of the Devil. Are these the property of Reuben Storey's widow? Or are they thine?"

"They are Isabel's, Joseph. I wish they were my own."

"Nancy," said Edward, "I will with your permission sit down."

"If you please, Edward. My brother will be more angry, I fear, before he leaves me."

Joseph looked at him with displeasure in his face, but said nothing.

"Had these pictures been thine, sister, I should have destroyed them. This tinkling cymbal"—he pointed to the harpsichord—"which drives sinners to the Pit by its foolish jingle, is this also my cousin's? Or is it thine?"

"It is Isabel's. Everything in this room is hers—pictures, harpsichord, books, music, Prayer-books of the Church of England."

"What does all this mean? There is treachery—villainy—the Devil hath broken loose."

"It means that Isabel has returned to the Church of England, of which she was a member before her marriage."

"Robert Storey told me something. She has left us. And as for thee, sister . . . What means this—this man of the world alone with thee?"

"You have to learn many things, Joseph. In the first place, I too have left the Society of Friends."

He banged his stick upon the table.

"Come out from this place," he bawled. "Come out from this accursed den—" He added a great deal more, which I refrain from setting upon paper. Suffice it to say that he accused poor Isabel with all imaginable wickedness, and myself with quite as much. Never could I believe that Joseph could possess an imagination capable of conceiving such things.

"I say, Joseph, that I no longer belong to the Society of Friends—"

"Come out, I say, lest I drag thee from the place by the hair of thy head—sister of mine? Shame and disgrace to thy name!"

"Friend Broadbrim," said Edward, stepping forward, "I am here for the protection of your sister. Understand me: another word of abuse and you shall descend the stairs head first." He sat down again quietly, but his face looked ready for mischief.

"Go, sister," said Joseph more quietly, "put on again the garb of the Friends and come with me out of the Pit of Hell."

"Joseph," I stood up before him and close to him, face to face, not afraid. "Look at me well. Behold your sister, transformed. Look at this dress"—'twas in pink and blue—"look at the dressing of my head; listen to the language which I speak—"

"No more," he said; "put off these gauds."

"This very day, Joseph . . . Why, I had actually forgotten the fact till then, and remembered it opportunely, "This very day I am twenty-one years of age. I am therefore my own mistress."

"Thine own mistress? Oh! That shall be seen. And while I live? Go, I say. No more mutinous words. Obey thy guardian, and come. What! Must I drag thee out?"

"No," said Edward. "That must thee not, while I am here."

"Moreover," I went on, "I have been baptised, and received into the Church of England."

"Go, child of the Devil. Put off, I say, these vanities."

"Joseph, I shall never go back to the old house. Henceforth, your ways and mine are separate."

"Sir." It was Edward who stepped forward once more. "It behoves not a man to interfere between brother and sister or between husband and wife. Yet suffer me to remind you that if this young lady is of age you can have no more authority over her."

"Thee knoweth nothing."

"If you have any authority, then claim it by law."

I am no lawyer, thank Heaven; but this I believe, that the Courts would think twice before they suffered a Quaker to take forcible possession of a girl belonging to the Established Church."

"Is this the friend of whom Robert Storey spoke to me—two young men—great men about the Court—the godless Court—men who come here constantly to ensnare and corrupt the heart of women? Sister, thy position is perilous indeed—I knew not how perilous until I came here. Well—I threaten nothing—I call no names—I declare no more of my mind. Choose between the bottomless Pit and the joys of Heaven. Choose between thy brother and thy—what?—thy friend?—thy lover?"

"Miss Nancy is of age," said Edward, "and will do as she pleases."

"Nancy! Her name is Hannah. She will do, Sir, as I please. Or she will have no money. Thee can understand, Hannah, that thee will have no money."

"I gather, Sir," Edward replied, "that this lady, your

innocent souls that the good God has created them for torments. No doubt most wholesome."

"My cousin, herself a widow and, I believed, a godly member of the Society of Friends, offered to take her away for a change of air. I let her go."

"You did wisely, Sir. The end has fully justified your judgment in letting her go."

"I now learn the deceit that has been practised upon me. She has been allured into the vanities of the world. She is a woman of the world: her companions belong to the world: her thoughts"—he groaned deeply—"are of the world. She is rebellious: she has thrown away her religion. Friend, blame not the righteous wrath of one who hath been tricked—tricked—duped—wickedly tricked—even out of his sister's immortal soul." He groaned bitterly, and for the moment I felt almost sorry for him.

"Forgive me, Sir, if I venture to think that you perhaps exaggerate the extent of the mischief."

without: she gave me music and taught me to love painting and singing and dancing. Then, Edward, your brother led me into the fold of the Church where we are all sheep of one pasture, with one Shepherd who will lead us all—all—all—" But here I broke into tears.

"Calm yourself, Nancy," said Edward. "Make an end of it. You had better go, Sir."

Then I recovered, and finished what I had to say. "I owe all this to the kindest and best woman of the world—to Isabel Storey. As for returning with you, Joseph, learn that, rather than do so, I would become a scullery-maid in this house. Understand me clearly, Joseph. I will never go back to your house. Only to think of that sepulchre makes me tremble and shake. Now go, brother."

He growled something which I did not understand.

"Come, Joseph. Your authority is finished. Leave me."

"If I go, it is for ever. I cast thee off. None of my money shall thee have; not one farthing."



"Understand me: another word of abuse and you shall descend the stairs head first."

sister, has been your ward. Your father—and hers—either left a will or he did not. If he did, you probably have no control over her fortune after she is of age. If he left none, the inheritance must be divided. Let me tell you, Sir, that this affectation of authority is foolish: and this pretence of power is ridiculous. Understand also, Sir, that this lady's friends are fully prepared to set the law in motion on her behalf. Therefore set your papers in order."

"Law or no law," said Joseph, "she shall have no money unless she comes with me."

"Law or no law, Joseph, I will not come with you."

Joseph turned to Edward. "Friend," he said, "will thee listen? This obstinate girl, some time ago, fell into a kind of melancholy which happens often with the younger women of our Society from serious contemplation of their soul and its dangers. It is a wholesome rod administered to young blood, which might else be presumptuous and headstrong, as a correction."

"As a correction," Edward repeated. "Pray go on, Sir. Nancy, poor child, was corrected in a wholesome manner peculiar to your Society. It consists of persuading

"What! To leave her one of the Elect—to find her a companion of the Devil?"

"Nay, Sir, by your leave. Console yourself, Sir. The Devil, if Nancy is really his companion, cannot fail to be speedily converted. He will then, perhaps, join your Society."

"Joseph," I said, "let me speak. Oh! nothing that I can say will move your heart or your reason. You are too far apart from me. I cannot reach to you. But I want this gentleman whom you have insulted to understand what all this means."

Joseph grunted, but made no reply.

"I was driven mad by your cruel doctrines: my cousin pretended to be still a Quakeress in order to get me away. I should have been a poor raving mad woman but for her deception. Oh! my soul was sick with terror. Edward! You could never understand how sick and miserable I had become. I hated even the name of my God, whom I feared with a terror not to be told in words."

"Poor Nancy!" Edward, not Joseph, spoke. "I have heard of these things among enthusiasts."

"Then my cousin came, and changed me within and

"She shall have her own, though," said Edward.

"One more chance—Will thee come, sister?"

"One more reply—No, brother!"

Joseph turned and walked slowly down stairs.

I have never seen him since; and now, I suppose, I never shall see him. I have heard that he married—I know not the name of his wife. She was, of course, a member of the Society of Friends.

As regards Joseph's threat of keeping all the money in his own hands, Edward was as good as his word; for, a week or two later, he sent a person learned in the law who asked me a good many questions, and then went to Dartford, where he spoke at length with Joseph. It appeared that no will had been found on the death of my father, and that Joseph had quietly stepped into possession, intending to keep everything as his by right: that, being undisturbed so long, he had come to regard himself as the rightful owner of everything. When, therefore, he learned that there was no quibble or pretence that would save him, but that he would be compelled to pay over to his sister nothing less than one half of the

whole estate, including the great house and gardens: the furniture: the paper mills, worth I know not how much every year: many houses and cottages in Dartford and elsewhere: certain farms in Kent: and certain shares and stocks in London: when, I say, he understood that there was no help for it but that he must pay all this money, he became like a madman, falling into a kind of fit, in which his face grew purple and his neck swelled. They blooded him, taking a great quantity. Presently he recovered a little, and moaned and cried like a child. "The half!" he lamented. "The half! I cannot and I will not. The half! I am a ruined man! The half! I will die first!" And so forth, showing very plainly that, in spite of his doctrine, wherein he fancied himself another Gamaliel, or even a Daniel, his mind dwelt continually upon riches as the one thing needful.

In this way, some months afterwards, I learned that I was a great heiress indeed. Robert Storey would have called it a plum, and would have liked nothing better than to embark the whole in his bookselling business.

No one, I suppose, would refuse unexpected wealth, but I wanted little, as you shall presently learn, and the rest I have endeavoured to use for the assistance of those less favoured than myself.

To return. Joseph gone, Edward went back to the discourse which his arrival interrupted.

"Edward," I said, "do not forget what I said. Suffer George to tell me himself. Whatever he bids me to do—that will I do. But he—and he alone—must tell me that we must part. Not from your lips will I have it—though I think you love me too."

"God knows, Nancy!" he murmured.

"Let George tell me himself. He will come this evening. I will ask my cousin to stay in her own room. Leave us alone. George shall tell me what he pleases: and I will do—whatever he commands."

(To be continued.)

GREEK CHRISTIANITY IN THE BRITISH ISLES.

It does not seem to be generally noticed that the Greek and Anglican Churches are more akin to each other in spirit and character than either of them is to the Church of Rome; nor is the fact sufficiently recognised that the introduction of Christianity itself into these islands is traceable to Greek and Eastern missionaries, and not to Latins, as the subsequent predominance of Rome in the West has made it appear.

It is one of the romantic coincidences in history that Constantine the Great, the first Christian Emperor of the East, under whose regis Christianity was recognised as the religion of the State, assumed the purple when his father died at York, on July 25, 306; and it requires no stretch of imagination to believe that missionaries from the East enjoyed his patronage in disseminating the New Faith in this, the furthest extremity of his vast empire.

The vague traditions lovingly collected and treasured by Anthony Wood in his "History and Antiquities of the University of Oxford," that "Greek philosophers" established schools of learning at Grecklade (Cricklade or Creeklade, in Wiltshire), are, no doubt, legendary; but the persistence with which they are repeated by all early chroniclers, and certain positive statements which accompany them—such as that "Sampson, who was elected Archbishop of York by Aurelius Ambrosius (d. 508), the invincible King of the Britains, studied at Grecklade"—tend to confirm the belief that the first missionaries who visited these shores were Greeks.

As regards Ireland, the evidence is almost irrefutable. O'Halloran ("History of Ireland," II. 7) says: "The constant enmity between this country and ancient Rome prevented any kind of friendly intercourse. This doctrine (Christianity) came not immediately from them here, but from the Churches of Asia." And Ledwich ("Antiquities of Ireland," 1804, p. 350) adds: "St. Jerome mentions the resort of British Christians to the East; and we know that Paternus, David, and Tolan went thither to receive episcopal ordination, thereby recognising the fountain of faith." Even Thomas Moore ("History of Ireland," 1835, I. 298) admits that "traces of connection through Greek and Asiatic missionaries with the East . . . are to be found in the records of the transactions of the period." Both Moore and Ledwich state that Bishop Virgil (about 750) when, according to the custom of that time, he set off on a journey to the Holy Land, was accompanied by Dobda, a Greek Bishop, who, before the consecration of Virgil, performed in Ireland all the episcopal acts. And Bishop J. Usher, referring to this incident ("Epist. Hibern."), says that in his time (1580-1656) there still existed at Trim, in the county of Meath, a "Greek Church." In the Irish monasteries the writings of the Greek Fathers were studied in preference to the Latins; so that Ireland was well advanced in Greek learning when Theodore, a Greek from Tarsus, was installed, on May 27, 669, as seventh Archbishop of Canterbury, and began his

memorable work of enlightenment and civilisation in this country. "He was the first Archbishop whom all the English Churches obeyed," says the Venerable Bede. The Church he organised throughout England was practically a Greek Church; and it was he who first instilled into it that spirit of vigour and independence which was so powerfully revealed during the Reformation.

The irruption of the Turks into Europe and the fall of Constantinople impelled the flower of the Greek nation to seek refuge in the West, bringing with them their learning and their culture as the leaven of that great movement of intellectual regeneration—the Renaissance. During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries there occur many scattered instances of Greek ecclesiastics visiting these shores. A more noteworthy arrival was that of Theodore Palæologus, who in 1615 migrated from Italy to England with his daughter and son-in-law. From the epitaph on his grave in the churchyard of Landulph, in Cornwall, he seems to have remarried in England, and there are still descendants of his name in this country.

About this latter date a considerable Greek community, principally of merchants, appears to have gathered in London, and many young Greeks were sent up to Oxford,

Mary the Virgin. It was soon found, however, that it was "too remote from the abodes of most of the Grecians, dwelling chiefly in the furthest parts of the City," and it was decided to sell the church to the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, whose representatives appraised it at £626. But they offered him only £200, and on Georgirenes refusing to accept that sum or deliver the keys, they broke the doors open and took possession of the building on the plea that the land on which it stood belonged to the Bishop of London. Georgirenes concludes by explaining that he records these facts "that thereby all persons may see I never sold the said Church nor received any sum for the building [?] disposal thereof."

It is from this edifice and its associations that Greek Street, Church Street, and Compton Street, Soho, have derived their names.

The church itself soon passed into the hands of the French refugees, and about this time the building figures in Hogarth's well-known picture, "Noon." Later, it was fitted up as a meeting-house for the Rev. John Rees, formerly of Rodborough Tabernacle; and it was then that its original Byzantine arrangement, suitable to the Greek ritual, was completely destroyed. (*The Ecclesiologist*, XI. 210.) In

1849 it was on the point of being converted into a dancing-saloon, when the Rev. Nugent Wade, Rector of St. Anne's, Soho, by the assistance of the Metropolis Churches Fund, succeeded in purchasing the freehold, and solemnly reconsecrated the church to St. Mary the Virgin on June 29, 1850.

Such Greeks as remained of the old community, and those who subsequently settled in London, seem to have united, for Church purposes, with the Russian residents. In the present Chapel of the Russian Embassy, in Welbeck Street, there exists the copy of a Greek register of births, marriages, and deaths, transcribed by the Russian priest Stephen Ivanowsky about 1760, because, it is said in a note, the old register had become worn and unfit for use. The earliest entries in it go back to 1720, and the register bears this heading: "Of the time of the most pious Archimandrite Gennadius and the very Reverend monk Bartholomew Kassanos, late of our Holy Græco-Russian Church in London." A note is appended in Russian to the effect that Gennadius died on Feb. 3, 1737, and Kassanos on June 23, 1746, and were both buried in St. Pancras churchyard, which is well known to have been the burial-place of many foreign residents in London. But where the Græco-Russian place of worship of that time was situated is not precisely known; though in the middle of the last century, the mention occurs of "a Greek Church" (possibly a room used as a chapel in some house) in York Buildings, Adelphi.

The extraordinary development of commercial activity among the Greeks in the beginning of this century led to the establishment of a fresh Greek colony in London. Constantine Iplectzis was, I think, the first of those Greeks whose descendants constitute the present community; and in 1818 he was followed by three of the five brothers Ralli, who founded the great firm of that name, now of world-wide influence and importance. The addition of many other Greeks, principally natives of the island of Chios, soon formed a numerous colony, the centre of which, with increasing prosperity, was moved from Angel Court, in the City, to Finsbury Circus. In one of the houses adjoining the London Institution a room served as a chapel, until a church was built in 1847 on the corner of Winchester Street and London Wall. This was the first

Greek church in which King George was present at a "Te Deum" when, on his way from Denmark to Greece, he visited London in 1863.

By that time, however, the entire Greek community, which had meanwhile grown rapidly in wealth and numbers, had migrated westward, in the neighbourhood of Hyde Park; and the distance to London Wall on a Sunday proved inconvenient. The site of the old church was therefore sold—it is now occupied by suites of offices. A new and magnificent building was erected at Moscow Road, Bayswater, from the designs of Mr. John O. Scott, and was consecrated, in 1879, to the Holy Wisdom of God, Hagia Sophia. The style of this new church, which in its internal arrangements is especially rich and grandiose, is pure Byzantine. The plot of land on which it stands has cost £8000, and the building itself £28,000. The interior walls were subsequently overlaid with coloured marble, while the dome and other parts of the roof were decorated with mosaics by Capello and Mercenero, at an additional outlay of £10,000. The ikons are by Professor L. Thiersch, of Munich. The entire expense has been defrayed by voluntary contributions of the members of the community, who have thus added to London one of its finest specimens of church architecture, and who take a just pride in maintaining in all its splendour the grand and impressive ritual of the ancient Mother Church of Christendom. Very fine Greek churches have also been erected by the Greek communities of Manchester and Liverpool.

J. GENNADIUS.



Photo Boehringer, Athens.
PRINCE ANDREW,
FOURTH SON OF THE KING OF GREECE.
BORN 1882.



Photo Boehringer, Athens.
PRINCE CHRISTOPHER,
YOUNGEST SON OF THE KING OF GREECE.
BORN 1888.



Photo Pasetti, St. Petersburg.
PRINCESS MARIE,
ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE KING OF GREECE.
BETROTHED TO THE GRAND DUKE GEORGE MICHAIOVITCH.



Photo Westly, St. Petersburg.
THE GRAND DUKE GEORGE MICHAIOVITCH,
COUSIN OF THE CZAR.
BETROTHED TO PRINCESS MARIE OF GREECE.

as a rule to St. John the Baptist (Gloucester) Hall. A certain Nathanael Conopius, however, was at Balliol, where he first taught the Oxonians how to make coffee, and whence he was expelled by the Puritans in 1648. The fullest information we possess of the affairs of that community is contained in a handbill preserved among the Broadsheets of the British Museum (816 M 9—118, fol. 100), which is inscribed: "From the Archbishop of the island of Samos in Greece. An account of the building of the Greek Church in Soho Fields and the disposal thereof by the Masters of the Parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, London, printed for A. F., 1682."

This ecclesiastic, Joasaph Georgirenes, or Joseph Georginos—who in 1678 published in London "A Description of the Present State of Samos, Nicosia, Patmos, and Mount Athos"—states in the Broadsheet in question that when, in 1676, he arrived in London for the purpose of publishing a work on the Greek Church, he found that Daniel Bulgaris, the priest of the community, had obtained, two years previously, permission to build a church; but having no funds, he requested Georgirenes to take the matter up. Dr. Barbone, who was "concerned in building" in Soho Fields, gave a piece of land for the purpose, and Georgirenes began the foundations at his own cost. He then appealed to Henry Compton, Bishop of London, and was received by the Duke of York. With their support, and aided by the nobility and clergy, he collected £1500, with which the church in Crown Street was erected in 1677, and was dedicated to The Sleep of Saint

T H E E A S T E R N C R I S I S .

From Sketches by a Naval Officer on Board one of the Ships off Crete.



VIEW OF THE INNER HARBOUR, CANEA, SHOWING THE VENETIAN GALLEY-SLIPS.



A CAMP OF BEN GHAZI IMMIGRANTS OUTSIDE THE GATES OF CANEA.

The Cretan Deputies have made it a special point of reform that these immigrants from Ben Ghazi, Tunis, without any property save tents and rifles, and with no very good reputation, should be expelled from the island. The camp now consists almost entirely of women and children; the men are said to be absent on business with the regular troops.

NATURE IN MARCH.

March is looked upon as the month of boisterousness—of elemental strife. It is named after the God of War. If it comes in like a lamb, it has—according to the old saying—to go out like a lion. There always has to be something of the lion about it.

Sometimes it comes in like a lion. Swooping gales make the buildings shudder, and rattle the windows, driving against them the hail, or the sleet, or the rain, till the inmates feel thankful they are safe from the mimic bombardment. That was a happy idea of the old Latin poet to sketch the winds as rushing from a cave in which they had been prisoned. What troop of hungry boys let loose from school ever whooped and howled, and dashed along and pranced about as they do? With mighty irresistible sweep they come, larking with silk hats, umbrellas, stout old ladies, signboards, chimney-pots, market-stalls, faulty roofs—anything, in fact, that presents an obstacle to their progress. Round the street corners they plunge, taking everything unawares, and howling with mockery as they

The new life becomes evident in the vivid greens of the fields and the hillsides, and the innumerable blades and lances pushed forward from the soil. Beyond the dog-rose and the woodbine, however, the trees do not unfold their leaves till the nipping east winds have gone. A beautiful new tender green shows itself on the elders and the larches, and we are conscious of a pleasant balsamic odour from the pines. Still further blooms are found nestling in the more shady places—primroses, anemones, and violets in the woods, marsh-marigolds in the damp meadows, and lady-smocks, with—

Daffodils

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty.

The white and red dead-nettles begin to assert themselves by the hedgerows, and the lesser celandines appear here and there like golden stars—

Telling tales about the sun
When we've little warmth or none.

Along the southern hedgerows, too, small periwinkles, with their starry blue flowers, are among the first to welcome

The sun-gleams are gradually warming the air and the earth as the month goes on, and we have a growing consciousness of the great silent forces at work. The new life surges in ourselves as well as in the trees and the plants and all living things. We feel it pulsating along our arteries, and reanimating our glands and tissues, till we move with a greater buoyancy.

The hedgehog appears again, the grass-snake creeps forth, the dor-beetle crosses the path, the humble-bee drones from bloom to bloom, the wasp is seen, and a few butterflies—the Common White, the Brimstone, and the Lesser Tortoiseshell—begin to flit about in the welcome brightness. The garden-spiders are busy, and their gossamers are afloat.

As soon as the days begin to be warm you may find under the clods that curious little insect the earwig, sitting on her eggs. She covers them not so much for warmth as for protection, and shows a remarkable affection for her charge. Though you expose her you will not drive her from her post. Have you ever seen her exquisite



THE EASTERN CRISIS: A CONTINGENT OF CRETAN INSURGENTS.

From a Photograph supplied by a Naval Officer on Board one of the Ships off Crete.

scamper from the scenes of their mischief. Away they career over the open country, drying the saturated earth, and hastening to the destination which requires their balance. Clouds of dust sometimes fly with them, but "A peck of March dust is worth a king's ransom." This is an old saying full of truth, because it is now that many seedlings have to be committed to the soil, and a dry seed-time is in favour of a plentiful harvest.

Seed-time brings out the harrow, the drill, and the roller to join the plough on the landscape; and among the farmsteads there is an altogether busier aspect. The cattle are withdrawn from the soft pastures, but the sheep are still folded with their lambs among the turnips.

The advancing sun, crossing the line, begins to woo Nature more effectively from her winter retirement—

Solvitur acris hiems gratâ vice veris.

The Roman year originally began with March, hence the names September, October, November, December—seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth months—January and February being the eleventh and twelfth. Before the alteration of style in England our legal year commenced on the 25th. In Central Asia the year still begins on the 21st, and is welcomed by a week of feasting.

the spring. The bright, silvery catkins of the male willow remind us of Palm Sunday approaching, and in the fitness of things we should weave a chaplet of "Mary-buds" for Lady Day.

Caw! Caw! is heard now on every hand as Mr. and Mrs. Rook busy themselves in domestic affairs. Magpies begin to chatter; herons repair their nests. The black-bird is singing to his mate in the favoured holly-bush. The lapwing raises his crest and droops his wings in the presence of his lady-love. The thrush sends forth those rich flageolet tones that charm us so much. The lark once more "at heaven's gate sings." The green woodpecker laughs in the firs with the most hearty good-humour. The cuckoo puts forth his minor third. The starlings are heard chattering on the top of the house or tree where they intend to make their nest, sometimes singing in that curious undertone of theirs suggestive of soliloquy. The sparrows and the finches, the titmice and the wrens, and the whole army of twitterers and chirpers combine in a general chorus. Wild birds entered their period of protection on the 1st. From then until August it is illegal to take or shoot them. The hares and rabbits, as well as the birds, are at their love-making. We have a proverb, "Mad as a March hare." This month they are very wild.

wings? If not, blow under their covers from behind till she expands them. Then, having admired their beauty, watch her refold them and tuck them in with her pincers. Ask yourself once more if Nature is not wonderful?

The trout-fisher can resume his fascinating sport on the 15th, and, wading along streams amid sylvan beauty, artfully throw his flies over the fish-favoured pools to tempt their elegant spotted denizens to rise and be caught. Many a man, pent up through the week in the polluted atmosphere of the town, is drawn out to the country and oxygenised through his fondness for the "gentle art."

Fox-hunting ceases at the end of the month, and Reynard is permitted to join the birds and the beasts in that happy Arcadia where love and domesticity disarm invasion for a season.

T.

A Boston Roman Catholic paper has been condemned for publishing every week at the head of its editorial columns the following announcement: "The holy sacrifice of the Mass is offered every week in St. John's Seminary, Brighton, for the spiritual and temporal welfare of our subscribers." The notice has been removed.

T H E E A S T E R N C R I S I S .



A BAND OF CRETAN INSURGENTS AT TSILSIPHE.

From a Sketch by an Officer on Board one of the Ships off Crete.



THE INDIAN PLAGUE: GREAT INTERCESSORY PRAYER-MEETING OF MOHAMMEDANS IN BOMBAY.

Drawn by R. Cuthb. Woodville, R.I.



THE FRENCH ENVOY IN ABYSSINIA: RECEPTION OF M. LAGARDE BY RAS MAKONNEN.



THE EASTERN CRISIS: SCENE ON THE BASTION OF THE EARTHWORK FORT OF THE POWERS IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF CANEA, WITH THEIR RESPECTIVE FLAGS FLYING.

Drawn by W. H. Overend from a Photograph by Lieutenant J. Shirley Litchfield, R.M.S. "Revenge."

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Mr. Sedley Taylor contributes a pathetic article on the Higher Criticism to the *Cambridge Review*. He thinks that many dogmas which have hitherto been regarded as of the essence of Christianity cannot be securely erected on other dogmas no longer regarded as possessing immunity from error and largely of unknown authorship and uncertain date. He goes on: "I do not hesitate to risk incurring a charge of egotism by saying that it is inability to find a basis sufficiently firm to bear a dogmatic superstructure which has dislocated and in great measure crippled a life which I had hoped and fully resolved to spend in active work as a clergyman of the Church of England. I feel very strongly that distinguished clergymen who publicly announce their acceptance of the results of the Higher Criticism, and are fortunate enough, as their retention of office in the Church proves, to have found such a basis as I have sought for in vain, are morally bound to tell us with equal publicity and explicitness what that basis is."

The Church of England is turning attention to Soho, a district hitherto neglected. It is near the wealthiest part

some of the members threatening to withdraw their subscriptions if it were done again. But the Creed was sung again on the Second Sunday after Christmas. A discreet silence is observed as to the subscriptions.

The Salvation Army is beginning to work in Java, Sumatra, and Borneo. They propose in time to get to Fiji. Their work in India is very severely criticised, partly on the ground that exaggerated statements are sent home, and partly because it is alleged that they try to attract the converts of other missionaries. V.

ART NOTES.

Lady Wallace's intentions with regard to the art treasures collected by a former Marquis of Hertford and the late Sir Richard Wallace have now been made known, and we may congratulate the nation upon its magnificent legacy. The late Sir Richard Wallace was offered, some years before his death, three millions sterling (not three and a half) for his works of art of various kinds. The offer, made by a small group of American

with its staff of officials and the jealousies which will not fail to crop up.

The Dudley Gallery Art Society, under varying conditions and titles, has been in existence (we learn from the catalogue) for a third of a century, and those who recollect it in its earlier days will admit that it occupied a position of some prominence. Times have much altered in the interval, and there is now rather too great an opportunity for those who occupy the borderland between amateur and professional artists to exhibit their wares. The real drawback of such societies as the Dudley has now become is that the outside public is unable to distinguish between the claims of those who appeal for support; for it not seldom happens that the professional work becomes amateurish, while the amateur's smacks of the professional. For instance, in the present exhibition, Miss Jex Blake's Breton sketches and those by Miss Margaret Bernard claim equal attention with Mr. Hubert Medlicott's studies of Cambridge and Rouen or Mr. Montague Smyth's of the East Coast, although one feels that the artists belong to distinct categories. The President, Mr. Walter Severn,



REFLECTIONS.—BY G. COURTOIS.

of London, and yet is full of acute misery. The average number of persons to a house in all London is 7.66; in St. Anne's, Soho, it is 13.123. The death-rate for all London is 18.6, and for Soho 26.8. The population largely consists of dressmakers and tailors who are only employed at certain seasons in the year. Soho is a byword for shameless vice, not only in London, but in all Europe, and an effort is being made seriously to enforce the law.

Canon Newbolt is to deliver a special course of lectures to men in the North-West Chapel of St. Paul's Cathedral on Tuesdays during Lent. The subject will be the office and work of the Holy Ghost, and a subscription of one shilling will be charged to defray the expenses.

The American millionaire, Mr. J. D. Rockefeller, has offered to give £50,000 to defray a debt of £100,000 on the Baptist Home and Foreign Missionary Societies. He makes it a condition that the whole amount shall be paid by July 1.

It has been claimed that the collection at the opening of St. Saviour's, Southwark, which amounted to over £1500, was a record collection. This is not the case. As much as £10,000 has been collected at the opening of a Presbyterian church in Glasgow.

An excitement has been raised in a western New York parish by the singing of the Creed on Christmas Day,

millionaires, was unaccompanied by any clear statement as to the final disposal of the collection. There is no power under the United States Constitution which would permit the central Government to appropriate public money for such a purpose, and although after much intriguing and lobbying it might have been found possible to raise the necessary money, a further demand would then become requisite for the erection of a proper building at Washington. The alternative, and more probable idea, was that the would-be purchasers of the Wallace collection hoped to persuade the various States with which they were respectively connected—New York being the most prominent—to provide the amount which they offered to pay. It, however, at once became clear that the partition of the pictures and objects of art would inevitably lead to dispute, and in the end the makers of the proposal were not sorry to withdraw from a difficult situation. With regard to the unwillingness of the British Government to accept the offer made by Sir Richard Wallace, it was of a piece with the traditions of the State in its relations to art. No one could for a moment doubt that the leasehold of Hertford House could have been converted into a freehold, with the sanction of the tenant for life and his trustees, and under the provisions of the Settled Estates Act; and it is not improbable that this course will now be adopted. The only danger to be apprehended is the creation of a new and semi-independent public gallery,

sends some clever studies of cloud effects, Mr. B. I. M. Donne holds his own as one of the best painters of Alpine scenery, and Mr. Burleigh Bruhl, Miss Nesbitt, Mr. Claude Hayes, and Miss Rose Barton deserve notice for careful specimens of work.

For upwards of thirty years Messrs. Agnew have been able at this season of the year to bring together at their galleries (Old Bond Street) a collection of masterpieces of English water-colour painting. This year there is little, if any, symptom of a failing supply, and, what is perhaps more noteworthy, few signs of repetition. The group of Turner drawings, chiefly of the England and Wales series, on the second screen is in itself worthy a visit. It contains, moreover, two of the most carefully finished of his earliest studies of "Old Buildings" and mountainous landscapes, which deserve special attention. It would seem as if the fashion which recently set in favour of De Wint is now turning towards Copley Fielding, whose merits for a while were unjustly ignored, and Messrs. Agnew may be trusted to know the bent of public taste, if they do not actually mould it. Barret and Varley among the ancients, Constable and Prout among the medievals, and T. Collier and H. G. Hine among the moderns, are exceptionally well represented, but the highest praise to be given to the exhibition is that out of two hundred and fifty pictures very few fall short of excellence of some sort.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

John Gabriel Borkman, Ibsen's latest and greatest play, is the one masterpiece of literature in English that the year has so far produced. It may be expressed in the original Norwegian, or in German, or in Mr. Archer's vivid English from the house of Mr. Heinemann. That is a mere accident. The genius of the expression is essentially in the terms of universal poetry, crystallised and polished until not a "cut" could be made. Eight people—half of them only subordinates—meet one winter night in an old, gaunt manor-house. At first sight they seem commonplace, unpromising subjects, far removed from romance; but within three or four hours—the feat being almost unique in the search for the "unities"—they have fiercely lived out the climax of a series of great life-tragedies with a poignancy that has scarce a parallel in modern literature. There is Borkman, the returned convict—the Napoleon, as he puts it, who fell in his first battle—dreaming in his dreariness of future splendour of achievement after thirteen years of total eclipse. There is his wife, bitter and almost brutal, brooding over her wrongs, sustained only in the belief that she will yet be righted. There is her twin sister, a potential mother, robbed of the right to bear a son, buoyed up with the hope that she is to spend the last winter permitted by a fatal disease in the sunshine of her foster-child's affection. Three wrecks all looking towards the same rescuer: middle age fighting for the support of youth. But the odds are too great, for youth, in the shape of Borkman's son, eludes them all, regrettably but inevitably. He claims the privilege of youth to be himself, to work out his own salvation, even when it takes the poor fleeting form of a flighty divorcee, seven years his senior. And the three old people stand helplessly beaten, listening to the pretty jingle of the silver sleigh-bells as the eloping lovers vanish far beyond recall. That is tragedy and comedy in one, with just a superadded touch of cynical farce in the provision that the syren makes for possible disaster in the shape of a young girl in her ménage. The flaw, if flaw it be, in no wise endangers the great structure that Ibsen has reared, as he alone can, among all moderns. There are extraordinary flashes of insight, purple patches of poetry that make common things stand out, and are echoed in the old unforgettable phrases that symbolise thought and action as nothing else can. A wonderful book is this "*John Gabriel Borkman*." It may repel you in point of its philosophy, but it cannot fail to grip you from end to end by reason of its dominant note of genius.

The Australian colonists, especially those settled in the bush, are keen naturalists as well as sportsmen. The squatter, the settler, the station-hand, although they are fond of a kangaroo-drive at times or an opossum-hunt by moonlight, have a quick and inquisitive eye for the habits and characters of the strange animals that surround them. *A Sketch of the Natural History of Australia, with some Notes on Sport* (Macmillan), by Mr. Aflalo, will serve them exceedingly well as a clear and interesting introduction to the Australian fauna. It will be a boon to the old colonist, to the fresh immigrant and passing visitor, and meet a want which we know has been keenly felt. It is so difficult to write a book on natural history that will be at once readable, clear, and complete, and neither a dry catalogue of hard facts nor a string of hunters' stories and boyish tales. Mr. Aflalo's book is both scientific and popular, quite up to date, for our knowledge of the Australian fauna has grown rapidly of late years and will continue to grow for many years to come. As in all new countries, the large and peculiar animals tend to become extinct. The New South Wales Government spent £50,000 in 1891 in premiums for the destruction of kangaroos, emus, dingoes, etc. As Mr. Aflalo says, it is not improbable that Australians of a very near generation may have to visit Europe to see samples of the animals of which their pioneer forefathers spoke so much.

Mr. B. Fletcher Robinson, in his most interesting and opportune contribution to "*The Isthmian Library*," *Rugby Football* (A. D. Innes), quotes thus from Mr. Caspar Whitney's "*Sporting Pilgrimage*"—an American account of a tour through Oxford and Cambridge and the Shires: "I am well aware that I shall be exposing myself to a charge of triteness by proclaiming what everyone already knows: that the average Britisher is an athlete, the English nation an athletic one, and its subjects, both men and women, more universally and generally imbued with the athletic spirit than those of any other race on earth." Not so long since the most successful, perhaps, of all the providers of popular journalistic literature assured us that the secret of much of his success lay in the attention and the space and the cost he devoted to the reports of cricket and football matches. There cannot, therefore, be a doubt of the success of "*The Isthmian Library*" under the editorship of such an expert in both athletics and letters as Mr. Max Pemberton, and of this success Mr. Fletcher Robinson's exhaustive history and exposition of "*Rugby Football*" is an earnest and an assurance.

It is odd that a sailor, King William IV., should be credited with the incredible ignorance of the remark, on a stilling hot night, to an Arctic explorer, "Warm, eh? Rather like the South Pole than the North." But no one seems to know, or to care to know, much about Antarctic exploration. Perhaps Mr. H. J. Bull's modest account of his two expeditions to the South Polar regions, *The Cruise of the "Antarctic"* (Edward Arnold), may stimulate interest in its exploration, especially as he and his party succeeded in reaching the mainland of the great Antarctic continent, which foot of man had never trod before. The comparative ease with which they succeeded in penetrating the dreaded ice-belt will do much to encourage explorers, while Mr. Bull's conviction "that there is a fair chance of getting to, or nearly to, the magnetic pole by the aid of sledges and Norwegian *ski-es*" will do more. Mr. Bull laughs to scorn the idea of the existence of huge land mammals on the continent, or, indeed, of mammals of any kind, large or small; but numberless are the problems,

geographical, meteorological, geological, zoological, and botanical, which its millions of unexplored miles promise to solve. However, Mr. Bull's main business was with whales and seals, and his account of their pursuit and slaughter is always interesting, but sometimes, to say the truth, slightly sickening.

"The other day in Eddysville," says the hero of *A Kentucky Cardinal* (Osgood, McIlvaine and Co.), quoting from a local journal, "two men fought a duel by going to a doctor's shop and having him open a vein in the arm of each. Just before they fainted from exhaustion, they made signs that their honour was satisfied, so the doctor tied up the veins." The love-duel between the hero and the heroine of this charming little story is equally far-fetched, fanciful, and long-drawn out. The lady will not have him unless he consents to catch and cage "a Kentucky Cardinal," but when, like the hero of the tale in Boccaccio, on which Tennyson founded his "Falcon," he sacrifices his loved bird to this caprice, she will not have him because of the barbarity of the sacrifice! She had merely been testing him. When this difficulty is got over and they are engaged, and even on the eve of marriage, he rashly shows her some natural history papers he had written; "but what was my amazement when she handed them back in silence, and with a face as white as, though as fragrant as, a rose." She cries, "What you have just shown me fills me with terror." Why? Because he may come to love nature more than her! "Every spring nature will be just as young to you; I shall be always older. The water you love ripples, never wrinkles. I shall cease rippling and begin wrinkling." Fancy a girl saying this with her fragrant face white with terror! Nevertheless, it is a very pretty little story of a play Bo-peep, and humorous withal, in spite of such preposterous passages.

Books about books always make fascinating reading; and the late Mr. William Blades' *Enemies of Books* was so interesting that one is not astonished to find Mr. Elliot Stock has issued a new edition, with a preface by Dr. Garnett and illustrations by Mr. Louis Gunnis and Mr. H. E. Butler. Fire, water, gas, dust, are all enemies to books. Less obvious is the destruction of the book-binder, and servants and children seem excusable. Yet all of them came in for Mr. Blades' castigation, and his experiences were remarkably extensive, for he hunted Caxtons high and low for many a year. It is a pity that the illustrations are not more realistic. Reproductions of the depredations made by the bookworm itself might have been given; while Dr. Garnett might have supplemented every chapter from his own bibliographic researches, for Mr. Blades by no means exhausted the subject. Still, one is glad to see the book reissued for the benefit of a younger generation.

Mr. Arthur Legge's new volume of verse, *Wind on the Harpstrings* (Hatchards), is not by any means an advance on his "*Sunshine and Smoke*" of last year. Indeed, it would not be surprising to learn that it was written prior to the earlier volume, which showed a distinct individuality. In the present volume he takes to studying Nature, but he brings to bear no special faculties of seeing, and the wind stirs the harpstrings with small distinction. "*A Paris Dress*," conceived in the manner of "*Sunshine and Smoke*," shows him in his most natural mood. The book demonstrates once again how writers fail to deal with what they can do best.

A Cornish Maid (Hurst and Blackett) would satisfy even a reader of Sir Thomas Browne's thinking, whose faith was so insatiable as to long for more miracles and mysteries than Christianity presented to it. The plot of this novel is made up of numberless and incredible coincidences. When, however, we are asked to believe that the names by which the heroine was christened as a foundling, "*Dorothy Maitland*," were the real names to which she was entitled, our over-gorged faith refuses the tough additional morsel. Even the author admits this final coincidence to be a little odd. "There is one thing to be said about that," remarked Mrs. Winstanley; "there were not many girls' names beginning with 'D.' I remember, to choose from, and Mr. Gregg began by refusing to have any surname beginning with 'Mac.' Still, it was odd that he should have selected just the right 'M' out of a good many." Those, however, who are sufficiently old-fashioned to accept and enjoy the marvels of melodramatic romance, will find "*A Cornish Maid*" a tale after their own hearts.

Mr. Charrington is too cynical and personal in his exposition of the clever paradoxes of *A Sturdy Beggar* and *Lady Bramber's Ghost*, while he has, besides, weighted the sketches with gratuitous improbabilities. Lady Bramber's "ghost," for instance, is a genius who cannot get any publisher or editor to accept his brilliant work only because, like St. Paul, "his bodily presence is contemptible." But what necessity is there for a writer to disillusionise his editor or publisher by presenting himself to either in person? Or, supposing a personal interview *de rigueur* with publishers and editors, why should these gentlemen, who probably have seen a portrait of Pope or of Goldsmith, imagine that a man must be beautiful to write divinely, and that "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat"? But again, supposing a personal interview indispensable, and a contemptible personal presence fatal, to every aspirant to the favour of editors and publishers who writes under his own name, why should not the "ghost" have written anonymously? He submits, instead, to the insolent exactions of the inane Lady Bramber, who gets the credit and the profit of his phenomenally successful plays and novels, and flings him for his share, and as she would fling it to a dog, little more than would keep a dog alive! And all these improbabilities are gratuitous, since Mr. Charrington could have expressed his clever satire against English art and against the exploiters of the brains of others through less incredible exponents than the lunatic, Leonard Vincent, or the "ghost," Nyes. But the satire itself is excellent, and has often for its foundation more than the half-truths whereof paradoxes generally are made up.

A LITERARY LETTER.

Mr. David Christie Murray has published a very interesting appreciation of Dr. George MacDonald and Mr. J. M. Barrie, in which he insists upon Dr. MacDonald's place as the father of the new and popular Scots school of fiction. Dr. MacDonald is well entitled to Mr. Murray's eulogy, but I believe it is a fact that Mr. Barrie, by one of those chances common among the most widely read of men, has little acquaintance with Dr. MacDonald's many interesting and inspiring works.

More new light on Robert Burns! This seems almost incredible a century after the poet's death, and it is made more so by the fact that the two new editions of Burns—that by Mr. Henley and that by Mr. Wallace—contain so little fresh material. It is, however, a fact that we are soon to have an important addition to the poet's correspondence in the shape of some fifty letters to Mrs. Dunlop. Every reader of Burns's Life will remember the interesting part which Mrs. Dunlop, of Dunlop, plays in his friendship, and there are a great many of his letters to her in his correspondence. The new material is not confined to letters by Burns. There are at least a hundred letters from Mrs. Dunlop to the poet, and the world will be largely the gainer by this revelation of the woman who has so long lived in literature as Burns's friend.

It is well known that Mrs. Dunlop quarrelled with Burns in his latter days. On his death she refused to give up her letters from him for publication, but agreed to give a letter by Burns for any one of hers returned. As Burns wrote many more letters than she did, this arrangement left her in possession of many of her letters without parting with his—hence the forthcoming publication.

Miss Beatrice Harraden is at present staying in Bourne-mouth. Her two Californian stories, "*Hilda Strafford*" and "*The Remittance Man*," have just been published together by Messrs. Blackwood. Very great expectations have been not unnaturally aroused by the anticipation of Miss Harraden's long novel, which will also be published by Messrs. Blackwood, under the picturesque title "*I, too, have Come Through Wintry Terrors*," a title taken from Mr. William Watson's "*Odes and Other Poems*."

The *Norfolk Chronicle* is responsible for a new "family history" of Lord Nelson, which makes delightful reading, although on the surface it is but a succession of names and genealogies. I should like some information as to the origin and authenticity of the document, which is from the pen of Nelson's father. It is entitled "*A Family Historical Register*," by Edmund Nelson, Rector of Burnham Thorpe. As it comes to the *Norfolk Chronicle* through a Miss Suckling, a connection of the Nelsons, it may perhaps be fairly assumed as authentic. The Rector of Burnham Thorpe tells his family history with much detail. At the time he writes, his son Horatio is undistinguished. "*Horatio, my third son, went to sea at the age of thirteen*." One could have spared some of the details about the other children for a little more about Horatio, concerning whose schools, for example, there is no new light. It would seem clear that Nelson was at school at North Walsham; but was he ever at school at Downham Market? There is a very persistent tradition there that he was, and the house is pointed out.

The Rev. Edmund Nelson sent his eleven children on their different roads with judicious impartiality, and while Horatio was making his way on the sea, a brother, Suckling by name, was serving his apprenticeship to a grocer and draper at Beccles, afterwards starting in the same line at Wilton. Susanna, a sister, was apprenticed to a firm of milliners at Bath, and Ann, another sister, entered a lace-warehouse on Ludgate Hill. Susanna was the mother of the second Earl Nelson. Burke and Debrett will clearly have to rewrite their Nelson genealogy considerably by the light of this entertaining document.

The paragraphist of a daily contemporary tells us that Miss Olive Schreiner had her book "*Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland*" printed in slips. These slips, we are told, if anybody has a set of them, will no doubt be worth a good deal some day. This shows a startling ignorance of the bibliographical mania. To make these slips valuable "some day" it requires us to presuppose that "*Trooper Peter Halket*" is an immortal work, which will be interesting to the public of a generation hence. As a matter of fact, this not very striking political pamphlet, with its curious mixture of irreverence and savagery, will, we may be certain, be absolutely unknown to the next generation, and in consequence no bibliophile will want these slips, however curiously printed.

Miss Olive Schreiner has once more demonstrated that she is a woman of one book. Those of us who remember the thrill that went through us when we read "*The Story of an African Farm*," and thought of the writer as one who was destined to be a great figure in our literature, have been grievously disappointed. Three books have now appeared by the same author, and not one of them was worth the writing. Those whose sympathies are strongly against Mr. Rhodes in the discussion of the South African problem will see in "*Peter Halket*" a very excellent pamphlet on their side; but there have been much cleverer pamphlets, and they are not literature. "*Peter Halket*," whatever may be the momentary success secured by the author's past reputation and the actuality of the subject, has no serious place.

I know of no case in which the book-collector has gone out of his way to be possessed of the manuscripts of forgotten books. It is his belief that the book of which he possesses the original manuscript is an undying literary treasure, or that it throws new light on the immortal author, which gives zest to the manuscript-hunter.

C. K. S.



MOBBING A WOOD-OWL.

By Archibald Thorburn.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Even under circumstances of dire necessity horseflesh as an article of food has never appealed favourably to Englishmen. A French officer who had gone through the Crimean campaign told me once that while the division of Dallenville at Eupatoria and the division of Auteville at Baidar were practically keeping up their strength by slaughtering a great many horses and converting them into savoury stews, the English preferred to starve rather than resort to such a dietary. I can well believe this. The English—especially the less educated—are, to use the mildest terms, "the most conservative in the matter of alimentation." Even to-day the working man will speak contemptuously of nourishing soup as "cat lap"; a toothsome "made dish" he condemns as "cag-mag," and some of the delicious *entremets* for which his social betters are content to pay high prices at fashionable restaurants he laughs to scorn as "poo-poo." About eighteen months ago I had occasion to talk to an importer of tinned meats and provisions who is in a very large way of business. In my ignorance I concluded that the dealers in the poorer quarters would be his most profitable customers. He soon undeceived me by showing me his ledgers. "They will not touch sardines even, and as for preserved fruits, pressed beef, tongues, and the rest, you might make them a present of them and they would not accept," he said.

Hence, one may safely venture to predict that the scenes which were enacted a few days ago at Rome will not find their counterpart with us. The butchers of the Eternal City have struck against the introduction of horseflesh by a greater or lesser number of would-be vendors of that commodity, and closed their shops to those who do not appear to have had the slightest inclination to hippophagy. The Government was compelled to interfere and to open places for the sale of cows, bullocks, sheep, etc., slaughtered by the Municipality. Large public establishments have been obliged, meanwhile, to draw their supplies from Florence and elsewhere. On the face of it, this seems to be a very illogical proceeding on the part of the Roman knights of the cleaver and marrowbone, for among the many whom their high-handed action deprived of their daily allowance of beef, mutton, and pork, some, in sheer despair, may have taken to horseflesh.

This is not a mere surmise on my part. There are numberless stories not to be found in ordinary books of such gastronomical conversions, which prove that a succulent horse-steak, or fillet of horse, if properly cooked, need not yield the palm to a Chateaubriand. When Wurmser, after Castiglione and Bassano, shut himself up in Mantua with fourteen thousand troops, half of which were cavalry, he, in order to increase the provisions, had the seven thousand horses of the latter killed and salted. Not only did the invested garrison thrive very well on horseflesh, but they took a liking to it. Fourteen years later, at the retreat from Moscow, Napoleon's great surgeon, Larrey, who no doubt remembered the story as told to him by Bonaparte, had his horses killed to provide his sick with fortifying "beef-tea" made of horseflesh.

Among these invalids there was an officer who, at the Bourbon restoration, retired from the army and took up his residence at Belley, in the Department of the Ain, which, curiously enough, was not only the native place of one of Larrey's famous colleagues, but also that of Brillat-Savarin, the immortal author of the "Physiologie du Gout." Both the surgeon and the gastronomical authority often spent their holidays there, and on one occasion the latter was invited to a gargantuan dinner such as were given in the French provinces at that period. The *pièce de résistance* was an enormous fillet, and after the guests had done it full justice, the host, who was no other than the former patient of Larrey, confessed that his favourite horse and not a bullock had provided the fare. The animal had met with an accident two days previously, and remembering the capital beef-tea (?) he had tasted during the disastrous Russian campaign, he bethought himself of utilising the ill-fated charger, which would have had to be killed under any circumstances.

Brillat-Savarin told Richerand, and the latter naturally asked him why he had not added the anecdote to the many charming ones that graced his book. "Dear Doctor," was the answer, "you know better than I the prejudice that exists against horseflesh as an article of food, and I did not consider myself strong enough to tilt against it. But you, with your science and reputation, possess the requisite strength, so I leave the matter to you."

This practically puts the objection to horseflesh into a nutshell. "The objection," as our American cousins would say, "spells prejudice, and especially among the lower classes, whether Catholics or Protestants, for the embargo of the Church due to the fact that the Saxons murdered the Christian priests and took to eating horseflesh on the self-same days has been lifted long ago. The Popes of the eighth century declared horseflesh to be unclean and execrable. "Immundum enim est et execrabile," said Gregory VII., quoted by Isidore Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire. But while Bishops have eaten horseflesh unknowingly, and when informed of the fact have gone back to the dish, the lower classes will eat it with their eyes open under exceptional circumstances and not return to it again, although admitting that it is good.

Some years ago the coachman of a private carriage lost his way on the road to Neuilly, and landed in the Cité Foucault, which, contrary to some of the adjacent rents, is the headquarters of thieves and footpads. The driver got frightened, jumped off his box, and took to his heels. The inhabitants offered the horse to a well-known fence, who refused to buy it, after which they cut steaks out of its back, and when the driver came back at ten at night accompanied by a couple of policemen, there were not a dozen pounds of flesh left on the bones of the animal. Encouraged by this, a horse-butcher established himself in the quarter. In three months he had to close his shop.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

F C BUNDOCK.—There has been lately rather a large supply of games possessing more general interest than the one you sent us, but we are keeping it by us. Thanks for the additional contribution.

YERFDOG (Sittingbourne).—The key move is sufficient, but sometimes the variations are worth giving.

H T BAILEY.—Your problem is too afflicted with duals for us to publish.

J K LUTTON.—1. Kt takes P, K to B 5th; 2. B to K 6th, etc., gives another solution.

J S BOYD (New York).—Very good indeed, and accepted.

BERNARD FISON.—Marked for insertion.

N J COLE.—Problem shall be examined.

ALPHA.—C W has composed for a much longer period than you give him credit for. With Healey and Kidson, he is about the last left of our composers who date back to the fifties.

W PERCY HIND.—We regret your excellent problem can be solved by 1. R takes Kt, K moves; 2. R to K 6th (ch), etc. If Black play 1. P to K 3rd, 2. R takes Q P, etc.

J W SCOTT (Follingham).—While we agree with you in thinking there is a strong family likeness between the problems, we are inclined to believe it arises from the particular "theme" on which the problem is based, and which might quite easily occur to two composers. As a fact, it has frequently happened.

C DAHL.—We consider nothing a trouble that comes from you, and trust to hear from you again often during the year.

J G SPENCER (Rutland, U.S.A.).—We do not think any English chess-player has ever performed the blindfold feat you mention. To the best of our knowledge, sixteen is the most ever attempted. We are afraid the game sent is on lines rather too independent of the authorities for our use.

W H GUNDRY (Exeter).—We are obliged to make a rule to have all problems submitted on diagrams. Kindly send one together with your solution on the back.

H E DUMBRELL (Repton).—You can do such a thing, but probably it would be the last chance you had of appearing in either a second time.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2754 and 2755 received from Upendranath Maitra (Chinsurah); of No. 2757 from J F Dalton, H S Brandreth (Cairo), T V Semik (Prague), and Eric (York); of No. 2758 from Rev O R Sowell (St. Austell), P B Womersley, Eric (York), J F Dalton, John M Robert (Crossgar, County Down), Gertrude Timothy, Leopold Neubauer (Vienna), Yerfdog, P B Womersley, of No. 2759 from Ned Nurca, J F Dalton, Yerfdog, P B Womersley, J S Wesley (Exeter), T V Semik (Prague), L Desanges, Castle Lea, T G Ware, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Fr Zuber (Rome), Alicia, Thomas D Brett (Bletchley), C E H (Clifton), C M O, J Bailey (Newark), J F Moon, Hereward, and William D J Edwards.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2760 received from E Loudon, G L Gilliespie, E P Vulliamy, H E Dumbrell, W David (Cardiff), W J Haslam (Gildersome), Pion, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), William D J Edwards, Hereward, C E H (Clifton), Alicia, T Chown, F J Candy (Croydon), T G Ware, F James (Wolverhampton), T V Semik (Prague), Albert Ludwig (Alsace), Fanny Fussell (Weston-super-Mare), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), S Davis (Leicester), J F Moon, W Curwen Barrett (Manchester), F A Carter (Maldon), Miss D Gregson (Manchester), C F Josling (Dover), Shadforth, Charles Burnett, W R B (Clifton), H B S (Saffron Walden), J M Shillington, Bluet, F W C (Edgbaston), C P M, Fred J Gross, J Hall, C M O, R H Brooks, G J Veal, M Sutcliffe (Stratford), C M A B, M A Eyre (Folkestone), F Waller (Luton), C E M (Ayr), E B Foord (Cheltenham), H M Francis (West Bromwich), J S Wesley (Exeter), T Roberts, C E Perugini, R Fridlington (Fort Treganah), Meursius (Brussels), Captain Spencer, Castle Lea, A C Kempster, H Le Jeune, J Dixon, Dr F St, Ubique, L Desanges, W D Barnard (Uppingham), J W Scott, Frank Proctor, T Baty (Colchester), D Walters (Reigate), Eugene Henry (Lewisham), F Anderson, and W H Gundry (Exeter).

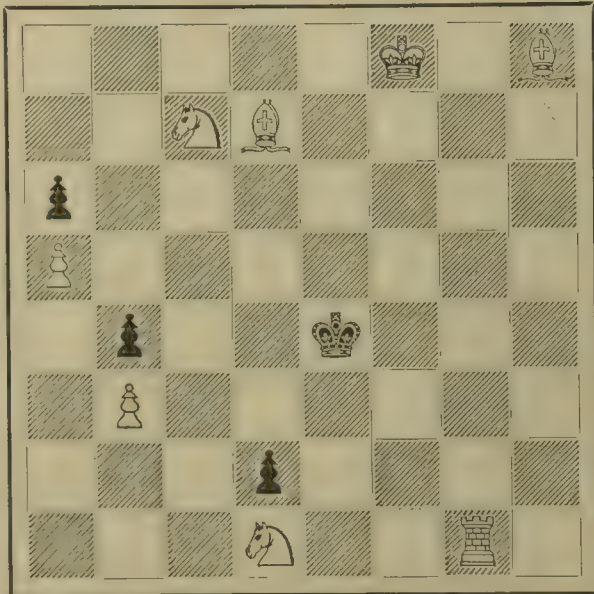
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2759.—By C. W. (Sunbury).

WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to B 5th K to K 4th
2. Kt takes Q P Any move
3. Q mates

If Black play 1. P to B 4th, 2. Q takes P (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No. 2762.—By R. A. COLVILLE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS BY CABLE.

Game played between the British and Brooklyn Chess Clubs.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. Showalter, Brooklyn).	BLACK (Mr. Looock, British).	WHITE (Mr. Showalter, Brooklyn).	BLACK (Mr. Looock, British).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	13. Kt to B 3rd	Q to K 2nd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	14. Q to K 4th	B takes P
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd	15. R takes B	K takes R
4. Castles	Kt takes P	16. Q to Kt 4th (ch)	Q to K 3rd
5. P to Q 4th	B to K 2nd	17. Q to Q 4th (ch)	K to B sq
6. Q to K 2nd	Kt to Q 3rd	18. B takes B	P to Kt 3rd
7. B takes Kt	Q P takes B	19. B to B 6th	R to K sq
8. P takes P	Kt to B 4th	20. P to Q R 4th	P to Q R 4th
9. R to Q sq	B to Q 2nd	21. R to Q sq	P to K B 3rd
10. P to Kt 4th	Kt to R 5th	22. K to Kt 2nd	R to Kt sq
		23. P to K R 3rd	P to Kt 4th
		24. Kt to K 2nd	K to Kt 2nd
		25. P to Kt 3rd	R to Kt 3rd
		26. Q to K Kt 4th	Q takes Q (ch)
		27. P takes Q	R to K sq
		28. Kt to Kt 3rd	K to B sq
		29. Kt to B 5th	R takes B
		30. P takes R	R to K 3rd
		31. Kt to K 7th (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
		32. Kt to Kt 8th	K to B sq
		33. K to B 3rd	P to Kt 4th
		34. R to Q R sq	P to Kt 5th
		35. R to Q sq	P to Q B 4th
		36. R to Q 5th	Resigns

A peculiar variation of the Spanish game is here adopted. After White's P to Kt 4th, Black appears to have nothing better than Kt to R 3rd. It is obvious that P to K 6th can be easily defended.

There are various threats, and the best that can be done is to lose two Bishops for the Rook. It is not so easy to see that White threatens, among other things, 13. P to K 6th, P takes P; 14. Q to R 5th (ch), etc.

White plays the whole game to perfection, and it is worthy of special attention.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I have been patiently waiting for a week or two by way of seeing if any further details regarding the alleged ghost-seeing episode in Windsor Castle would come to hand. Nothing has transpired beyond the fact that a former Dean of Windsor is said to have occasionally been favoured with a view of that "blessed martyr," the first Charles. Whether or not the shade of Charles appeared with its head under its arm, after the fashion familiar in certain outrageous dreams, is not detailed, but the idea or report that the Virgin Queen and the Martyred King are both credited with revisiting the glimpses of the moon, adds another to the ghost-seeing legends which in the midst of our century's civilisation crop up as survivals of certain beliefs of humanity's past.

The Windsor incident is related by the Hon. Mrs. Carr Glyn, mother of Lieutenant A. St. Leger Glyn, 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards, to whom was vouchsafed the vision of Queen Elizabeth. The Lieutenant was reading in the library of Windsor Castle. He "became aware of someone passing in the inner library. He looked up and saw a female figure in black, with black lace on the head falling to the shoulders. The figure passed across the library," says Mrs. Carr Glyn, "towards a corner which was out of view as my son sat, and he did not take much notice, thinking it was somebody reading in the inner room. This was just upon four in the afternoon." Then it is related how Lieutenant St. Leger Glyn inquired of an attendant the name of the lady whom he supposed to be at work in the inner room. He was assured that he himself was the sole occupant of the library. Puzzled by this assertion, the Lieutenant suggested that the lady might have passed out by a door in the corner. "But there is no door," retorted the attendant; and so the matter rested until Mr. Holmes, the librarian, hearing of the case, at once asserted that the figure seen by the Lieutenant was the ghost of Queen Elizabeth.

Now, the explanation of all such ghost stories must rest on one or other of three hypotheses. First, we may, if we are devout believers in the mysterious resuscitation of the body's lineaments, suppose that the actual shade of Queen Elizabeth (or of anybody else deceased) may revisit the glimpses of the past. I presume an ardent spiritualist will find no difficulty in belief of this kind; but this first theory is an exercise of supreme unquestioning faith in the reality of ghostly visitations, and nothing more. Second, we may explain such occurrences as the results of accident or trickery: an actual person is mistaken for the ghost, or a trick is played to simulate the apparition. Third, we may refer the explanation of ghost-seeing cases to a special and reversed action of the brain, which projects images of things seen (or even imagined) forwards on the eye's retina, and thus gives rise to the impression of actual external objects being witnessed. This is the "subjective sensation" of the physiologist, and we see illustrations of it familiarly in the well-known sparks and flashes of light when the eye is irritated, and in the animal horrors which pursue and annoy the subjects of delirium.

I apprehend the rational mind will not hesitate to dispose of the first theory as unsatisfactory to all save the devotee of the supernatural. The second theory will explain some ghost-stories wherein even a non-living object may become invested with the appearance of an apparition, or where some trick is played by way of simulating some alleged ghost-walking legend, but it will not explain all such incidents. The third theory, to my mind, gives a satisfactory solution of the inexplicable mysteries, so called, of apparitions. When people begin to understand that the brain can project forwards on the receptive parts of eye and ear impressions it has stored up in its brain-cells, and thus give rise exactly to similar sensations as if real objects or real things were being seen and heard from the outside world, the whole *raison d'être* of ghost-seeing is for ordinary mortals (not psychological fanatics) explained.

In examining ghost-stories minutely, and as far as the hearsay evidence tendered can suffice to enable one to form a judgment, one often gleams a hint of the real explanation from some apparently trivial circumstance in the narrative. It was so in the case of the apparition which appeared to the Rev. Dr. Jessop, whereof I suggested an explanation which Mr. Walter Rye duly confirmed. Dr. Jessop's ghost was the image of the Jesuit Father Parsons, a personality most familiar to the reverend gentleman, for he had written the biography of the Father, and his ghost was the reproduction of a portrait with which Dr. Jessop was very familiar. Here the unconscious projection of the brain's reproduction of the picture gave rise to the apparition which Dr. Jessop saw in Lord Orford's library at midnight. He was amidst surroundings which were highly suggestive of Parsons and his history, and brain action of an automatic kind responded to the unconscious suggestion of the environment.

Now in Lieutenant Glyn's case at Windsor Castle, I think I may fairly suggest that the *Daily Mail's* representative who interviewed Mr. Holmes, the librarian at Windsor, has unconsciously supplied a clue to the exciting cause of the subjective action of the Lieutenant's brain. We are told that on the south side of the gallery stands a fine chimney-piece, "over which a bust of the 'Virgin Queen' looks down somewhat severely upon the spot where her shade has been so recently seen." Is it out of reason to suggest that this bust was the real starting-point of Lieutenant Glyn's vision? The whole place is redolent of Queen Elizabeth, and more to the point is it that the bust is there in full evidence, and is exactly the kind of object which unconsciously suggests to the brain the reproduction of the Queen herself. Thus started with an unconscious idea, as it were, where is the difficulty in assuming that from the bust to the actual figure of Elizabeth is for the brain's powers of reconstruction an easy task?



LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

A careful consideration of the description of the dresses worn at the recent Drawing-Room reveals at once that the prominent fashions of the moment are silver and diamond embroideries, the liberal use of lace lined with chiffon, and the delicate contrasts of colour. We find, for instance,



A KILTED CRÊPE-DE-CHINE DRESS.

amongst the best of the frocks, combinations such as eau de nil with faint pink and sable trimmings, mauve with peach colour, ivory and amethyst, pale blue, yellow, and sea-green. Excellent news is this to the truly æsthetic mind; a lovely woman may be lovely indeed when she brings such clothes to her aid, and learns the difficult art of being tastefully extravagant. It is easy enough, of course, to spend a great deal of money on clothes, to elaborate one material on top of another—jewelling and embroidering the handsomest and the richest of stuffs, granting unto ourselves gorgeous velvet trains, lined with as gorgeous a brocade; but in this record reign of fashion we do none of these things. We beautify with insinuating grace; we grant unto the softest and finest and simplest of stuffs the dainty silver traceries; we take chiffon, net, or lisse, deck it with artistic designs in slender threads of silver and gold; we supply it with insertions of fine lace, and under either circumstance it may tell its own tale of beauty. One or two diaphanous trains have been made entirely of chiffon and lace; these are particularly elegant, but alas! they are apt to get somewhat dishevelled on the slightest provocation, and under these conditions cannot be recommended as Drawing-Room attendants. Quite one of the loveliest gowns worn the other day was the Countess of Dudley's, which showed an under-dress one soft mass of chiffon and lace in delightful contrast with a train of velvet of a cerise tone, lined with ivory satin.

But let me not linger over a tale of a Drawing-Room that is past; let me rather wander with you into the promised land of spring fashions, which is but just opening before our eyes. Previously have I referred to the fact that braid is to be the most popular trimming, and not alone is this being used in straight rows, but in many fanciful designs; interlaced twists of braiding may be seen decorating the centre of the back and the bust of many of the short coats, which, both in their tight-fitting and loose-fitting aspect, are to be worn with much enthusiasm this season. I have in my mind's eye a very charming dress of biscuit-coloured cloth made with a tight-fitting Eton jacket braided down the centre of the back and in the front, where it turns back with very small revers faced with orange-yellow velvet bordered with braid, showing a waistcoat formed of little frills of kilted ivory chiffon edged with lace, these kiltings being placed across the figure. Round the waist is a very narrow belt of oxydised silver studded with amber and emerald stones; while the skirt shows the fanciful braiding on the extreme hem, and permits a peep of orange glacé lining. A daring complement to such a costume would be a hat of emerald-green straw, very small in shape, designed to be poised well forward on to the brows of its wearer, and trimmed with a scarf of black chiffon, caught at one side with two black ostrich feathers and a large group of apricot-yellow roses. This hat, by the way, will recall the old-fashioned turban in shape; the few folds of chiffon replacing the hard brim of other days would have the same outline and more becoming effect.

There are many new materials in the market; notably prominent amongst them I must place canvas of the

coarsest description. This appears in a variety of patterns, but looks its best, perhaps, checked in the most ordinary style, the interstices left by the crossing of the threads being rather large. Black canvas looks charming lined with white glacé silk and trimmed with vandyke rows of black velvet ribbon or rouleaux of black velvet—nine of these, for instance, set at two-inch intervals, make a most attractive trimming on a canvas skirt, but they are exceedingly difficult to adjust and should not be attempted by the amateur.

Grenadine has made its appearance; barège of all descriptions is to follow suit, and I am told that a border is to appear on many light tweeds and thin veilings. Bordered stuffs have not, as a rule, my sincere regard, but doubtless fashion will reconcile me to their existence—it has reconciled me to much. The most successful of the evening dresses made of net show flounces, but the skirts are narrower in dimensions than those of yesteryear.

A fashion which is new, but perhaps not entirely successful, is the making of short boleros entirely of artificial flowers. These appear on net or chiffon bodices, which boast short sleeves made of fringes of flowers. Any small blossom may be treated in this fashion; violets are undoubtedly the most adaptable, but tiny rosebuds may also be used, and prinroses are not to be entirely despised.

Artificial flower-makers altogether should have a brilliant season. The advent of the net and tulle frock invariably hails a trimming of flowers; and, again, it may be observed that many of the fashionable toques are entirely made of flowers. Another trade which should certainly flourish this year is that of ribbon-making; ribbons being used in great profusion. The return of the sash to our favour may be confidently expected in the summer, when, no doubt, many of the light and bright coloured straw hats will be found trimmed with masses of ribbons of three shades of the same colour. Belts of the corselet description are also made of ribbons of three shades of the same colour; and very charming indeed looks a pale green crêpe-de-chine dress that I know, which boasts round the waist a belt of three shades of turquoise blue. The bodice of this is made on the simplest plan, fastening down one side with a little frill of cream-coloured lace; it hangs from a yoke formed of guipure studded with turquoise, and the skirt sets in those graduated pleats which are among the sartorial joys of our hour. But let me describe that dress sketched in the light grey cloth, with the simple blouse-bodice supplied with a collar traced with grey braid, the vest, trimming, and belt—which falls in long ends to the hem—being made of periwinkle-blue velvet; while the other costume is made of dark red crêpe de chine with a kilted skirt and bodice bordered with glacé frills.

I regret to observe that periwinkle blue is little worn in London. It is a colour which has much charm for me: yesterday I met it in crêpe de chine, and it looked lovely in combination with pale mauve velvet. What a charming gown for the Drawing-Room might be made in this combination, the under-dress of the hyacinth crêpe de chine, traced with silver, and the train of mauve velvet, the flowers to be Neapolitan violets! PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

In view of the general assurance that women would all vote one way, at any rate, on what are commonly called "moral" questions, the action of the women Parliamentary voters of the Isle of Man at their general election just over is noteworthy. The election turned on the question whether boarding-house keepers, who are very numerous in that land of "trippers" from Lancashire, should be permitted to sell alcoholic liquors to their guests or not. The record is that in the large towns, where most of the women voters belonged to the class directly affected, the franchise was exercised by them in their own pecuniary interests as frankly and candidly as if they had been men; while in the country regions a considerable proportion of the women voted the other way. After all, you see, there is a good deal of human nature in women.

In fact, it is because under a wide franchise the interests of the unrepresented are likely to be elbowed out of court by the power of those who do vote to urge their own interests in preference, that some of us think it important to secure votes for women. It is a significant fact that the only spot on the earth's surface where women are paid the same salary as men for identical work in the State schools is Wyoming, in the United States, where they have had the vote for nearly thirty years, and that an agitation for the same equalisation of pay is now presenting hopeful activity in New Zealand, where also women vote for members of Parliament. At a meeting of the "Educational Institute," which seems to be a teachers' organisation, it was proposed by a gentleman named Holmes that the society should protest against the "action of the Education Department in demanding that the Education Board should give equal pay to both sexes"; but this motion was "negated by a large majority." The mover argued in vain that the result of carrying it into effect would probably be a reduction of the salaries of male teachers, or that, in the alternative, the women teachers would be injured, as Education Boards would be sure to prefer men to women if the pay were equalised.

There is a certain irony in the fact that the first of the British isles to give women the franchise has been the Isle of Man! Apropos, I recall a true little tale. A school inspector was once asking a class of boys to name the islands of our realm. No lad mentioned the Isle of Man. To remind them the inspector asked kindly, "Well, what would you call an island that had no women in it?" "I know, Sir," gallantly exclaimed a small scholar: "the Scilly Isles!"

As I foresaw, Lady Henry Somerset's erection of a statue of Jesus Christ on the green of her Inebriate Village Home has not passed unquestioned among the British

Women's Temperance Association's members. That society, in large part, consists of the "Exeter Hall Evangelical" and Nonconformist element, to whom "Rome" and her graven images are ideas of an antipathetic character. Lady Henry sends a statement for publication to the effect that £150 having been given for the express purpose of placing some work of art in the village, she chose a statue of the Saviour illustrating the text, "Come unto Me," etc., as symbolising divine pity and sympathy, and so being better adapted to the moral and spiritual needs of the residents of the reformatory village than anything else that she could imagine. I have, of course, not seen her correspondence, but I would be much surprised if the second Commandment has not been brought into the discussion.

It is proposed by the women of Connecticut, the State in which Mrs. Beecher Stowe spent her last years, to erect a statue in her honour. Her son and biographer, the Rev. C. Stowe, refuses to have it over her grave, claiming that it is his own duty and wish to erect her monument. But it will go up elsewhere. A penny subscription from the children of the same State placed a fine marble bust of the author of "Uncle Tom" in the Chicago Exhibition.

Statues of women, other than Queens, are very rare. I know but of four, one of which is that of Joan of Arc at Rouen; another that of "Sister Dora," the famous nurse, which was erected in Walsall by a subscription amongst the working people to whom her life is devoted; the other two are in America—one of Harriet Martineau, erected as a memorial of her anti-slavery work in the Boston City Hall; the other that of a certain Madame Haughey, a poor milk-seller, who became as famous for her self-sacrifice and courage during an epidemic in New Orleans as "Sister Dora" in the Walsall small-pox epidemic.

Mrs. Humphry ("Madge") has been happily inspired in writing a little book of "Manners for Men" (J. Bowden). In certain crises, and especially when invited for the first time to be groomsman to a friend, a young man is seriously at a loss as to how to behave; and the topic has hitherto been neglected by the etiquette writers.

Mrs. Nansen is having a full share of the "lionising" that her husband is undergoing. She is a tall and physically fine woman—not, as is often the case, the exact opposite, "to look at," of her big, strong husband. It is rather amusing to recall that when Nansen wrote "The Crossing of Greenland," he was fully convinced that no married man should ever go exploring! The first qualification that he demanded even in his Lapp companions, who were chosen for him by somebody else, was that they should be single, and he was grievously annoyed to discover, when it was too late to change, that the elder of the twain was the father of seven! But times change, and we change with them;



A GREY CLOTH COSTUME.

for on this long and perilous expedition to the North, Nansen not only had his own conjugal weakness and longing to contend against, but it is seen in one little phrase in the new book that the only one of his "crossing Greenland" companions who has been with him on this last voyage, Captain Sverdrup, had also got married in the interval between the two expeditions. If only people of both sexes would understand in their single days that "marriages are made in heaven," and that if one is written down there it must happen in the fullness of time, there would not be so many bold announcements on the subject to be shamefacedly withdrawn! F. F.-M.

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DISEASE: Its Cause, Prevention, and Cure.

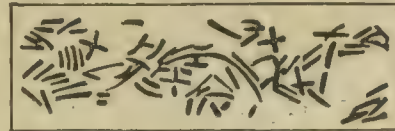
FOR generations past people have been drilled into the belief that every symptom of disease, such as inflammation, suppuration, the various forms of fever, pain, &c., is produced by a different cause. Such is not the case. All disease is decay, or, in other words, fermentation of the blood and tissue. This fermentation, which gives rise to the various symptoms of disease—viz., inflammation, fever, pain, nervousness, &c., &c., has been proved by Mr. Radam and leading scientists of the day to be caused by the presence of microbes in the body. The microbes, causing consumption, influenza, whooping-cough, erysipelas, skin diseases, typhoid fever, cancer (Scheuerlein), leprosy, tetanus, pneumonia, &c., &c., have actually been photographed, through the microscope, by Mr. Radam; and these photographs (enlarged) may be seen daily (free) at 111, Oxford Street, London, W. The propagation of microbes is rapid and enormous, some calculations having led to the belief that in one hour less than half a dozen may, under favourable conditions, increase to fifty millions. The minuteness of such bodies is well-nigh inconceivable.

Sir William Robertson writes thus: "Without microbes there could be no putrefaction, and without putrefaction the waste materials thrown off by the animal and vegetable kingdom could not be consumed. Instead of being broken up as they are now, and restored to the earth and air in a fit state to nourish new generations of plants, they would remain as an intolerable incubus on the organic world. Plants would languish for want of nutriment and animals would be hampered by their own excreta and by the dead bodies of their mates and predecessors; in short, the circle of life would be wanting an essential link."

Microbes attack mankind and the animal kingdom and the vegetable kingdom alike, because all live in the same atmosphere and are subject to precisely the same influences. At every change in the weather you will see a change going on in plants. So it is with mankind. Sudden changes of weather and temperature are apt to cause equally sudden interruptions in the circulation of the sap of plants, as in the blood of man, producing in both cases a condition suitable for the production of the microbes which induce disease.

Microbes vary in character. One form produces one disease, another variety causes quite a different ailment. One attacks one part of the body, another goes to a different part, thus producing different symptoms. But as the blood circulates they go along in the blood, and as the blood is no organic structure known to attack by some form of thing is subject to fermentation, to prevent decay, to and the same thing. The be destroyed. The only known sufficiently freely to old or injuring even the most sensitive MICROBE KILLER. It is will, if drunk freely, destroy It accomplishes what has attempted in the treatment eradicates the cause of disease a health-producing principle. It is assimilated by the brain, the kidneys, the lungs, the heart, the liver, by fibre and tissue, and by all parts of the human frame, as a health producing and nourishing element. It should never be asked whether a remedy will cure any one particular disease. All disease, no matter by what name known, is caused by microbes; when the microbes are killed, therefore, the disease will be cured. The human body is not built like a house, with pipes and taps by means of which the medicine can be sent direct to every part diseased. MICROBE KILLER enters the stomach, and thence the blood, purifying it from all disease germs, and so curing the heart, the lungs, the kidneys, the liver, skin, or whatever part is diseased. When the blood is free from microbes there can be no sickness. It can now be understood why the cutting away of a diseased part of the body, as in Cancer, will not effectually cure disease; the microbes of the disease are in, and circulating with, the blood, and the cause therefore remains. The Cancer itself is merely an outlet for the accumulated fermentation. To attempt to cure Cancer, &c., by an operation having for its object the closing of the outlet for the fermented matter is evidence of profound ignorance. We must strike at the root of the evil, and purify the blood by destroying the microbes that produce the disease, and when that is accomplished the fermentation will cease, the cancerous discharge will disappear for good, the wound will heal, and the trouble will be entirely ended: the cause having been removed the Cancer will not come back or "grow again" (as it is called). This is equally applicable to all disease, whether known by the name of Cancer, Tumour, Ulcers, Consumption, Bright's Disease, Skin Disease, Asthma, Bronchitis, Fevers, Diphtheria, Rheumatism, Gout, &c. WM. RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER positively cures all disease by killing the microbes which cause it.

WM. RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER is an antiseptic and a very powerful one; it stops fermentation; but it never acts as a poison, even when taken continually in large doses or at frequent intervals and for any length of time. Whilst thousands of sick persons have been cured by the MICROBE KILLER there is not one single case on record, even from among the most delicate of the many patients who have taken it here and abroad, that any person has ever been injured by it.



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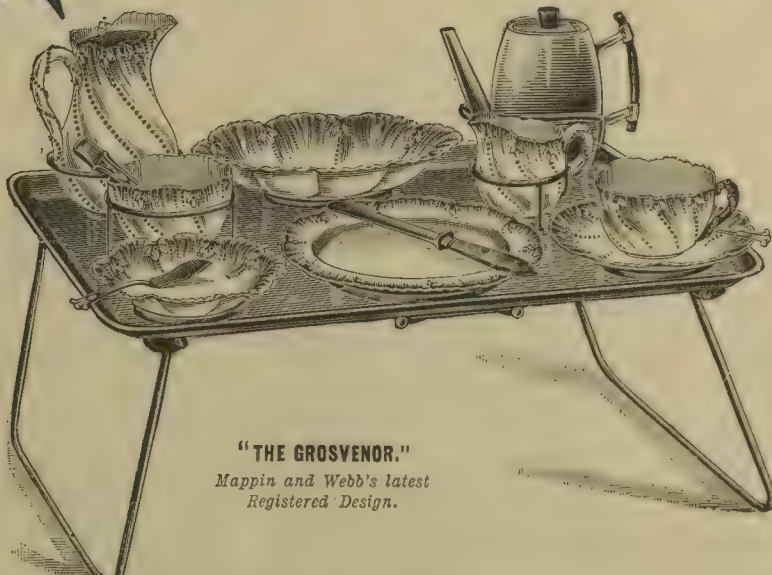
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Liqueur-Set, with quaintly fashioned Flask, and Glasses in clear iridescent glass; mounted on Prince's Plate Tray 10 in. in diameter. Complete, £3 15s.

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The "Surprise" Egg-Frame, inclosing Six Egg-Cups in a Casket, thus keeping the eggs hot. By a half turn of the handle the egg-cups are brought to view. Prince's Plate, richly Chased and Fluted (as illustrated), £7 15s. Plain, £6 10s.



Fluted Hot Water-Jug, with Ebony Handle and Knob.
Prince's Plate. Sterling Silver.
1/2 pint £3 0 0 £5 0 0
1 1/2 " 3 5 0 6 0 0
1 3/4 " 3 10 0 7 0 0



Richly Fluted Hash or Breakfast-Dish, 10 in. long, with Loose Inner Dish and Drainer, Spirit Lamp and Stand, complete. Prince's Plate, £6 15s.



Richly Chased Octagon Flower-Bowl on Ebonised Plinth, complete, £4 15s.



Cut Glass Charet-Jug, with richly Chased Prince's Plate Mounts, £4 5s. With Sterling Silver Mounts, £7 10s.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 18, 1895), with two codicils (one dated June 22, 1895, and the other executed in August 1896), of the Right Hon. John Stuart, Earl of Darnley, who died on Dec. 14, 1896, has been proved by Sir Henry Longley, K.C.B., and the Hon. and Rev. Canon Francis Godolphin Pelham, the value of the personal estate amounting to £170,401 14s. 11d. The testator gives £1000, certain horses and carriages, his leasehold house in Hill Street, Berkeley Square, and its contents and some other articles and effects, to his widow, Harriet Mary, Countess of Darnley; and also bequeaths to her, during her life, the use of certain plate to be selected by her. He gives the following legacies to his children—namely, all his stocks, shares, bonds, debentures, and invested moneys to such of his daughters as should at his death be spinsters; £10,000 to each of his younger sons; and £5000 to each of his daughters; and he devises to the present Earl his unsettled realty, both in England and Ireland, and also bequeaths to him his residuary personalty, subject to payment of funeral and testamentary expenses, pecuniary legacies, duties, and, “during a period not exceeding twelve calendar months from my decease, such or the like subscriptions or contributions to charitable institutions or for charitable purposes as I may have subscribed or contributed during the period of twelve calendar months next before my decease (the same respectively to be paid free of duty).” And by codicil dated June 22, 1895, the testator gives an additional £5000 to his son Ivo Francis Walter Bligh; and makes heirlooms of the oil-paintings and statuary at Cobham Hall.

The will (dated Dec. 5, 1894) of Mr. William James Montagu Lange, of 48, Elm Park Gardens, Fulham Road, and the Château Mont Saint Leonard, Boulogne, who died on Dec. 29, was proved on Feb. 20 by George Gofton Young, Walter Mason Lange, the nephew, and Alexander George McKenzie, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £99,834. He bequeaths £1500 each to Beatrice and Lily, the daughters of his deceased brother Sir Daniel A. Lange; £4000 to Emily Lange; £5000 each to his nephews, Daniel Townshend Lange and Frederick Montagu Townshend Lange; £150 each to Charles Gofton Young and Alexander John McKenzie; £8500 Two and Half per cent. Consolidated Bank Annuities upon trust for his sister Emma Juliana Green; and a few small legacies. He directs his executors to keep up his house in the same state as it is now, as a residence for his brother Henry Lange and his niece Emily and his housekeeper Mary Hunter, and during such period the income of £16,000 is to be spent thereon; £50 per annum paid to Mary Hunter, and a sum of £2500 held upon trust for his brother. Should his brother Henry desire not to live there, then the house is to be given up, and an additional sum of £10,000 is to be held upon trust for him, and the income of £3000 paid to Mary Hunter. The residu-

of his real and personal estate he leaves to his nephew
Walter Mason Lange.

The will (dated March 21, 1895) of Mr. David Brandon, of 24, Berkeley Square, who died on Jan. 10, was proved on Feb. 18 by Frederic Warren and Richard Dawes, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £117,756. The testator bequeaths £3000 each to the Middlesex Hospital (Whitechapel), St. Mary's Hospital (Paddington); St. George's Hospital (Hyde Park Corner), the London Hospital, and the Charing Cross Hospital; £1500 to the Hospital for Consumption (Fulham Road); £1000 each to the Artists' Orphan, the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, and the Royal Institute of British Architects; £500 each to the Hospital for Sick Children, the Evelina Hospital for Sick Children, the Society for Promoting the Enlargement, Building, and Repairing of Churches and Chapels, the Asylum for Deaf and Dumb Children, the Royal Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb, the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, the Infant Orphan Asylum, the London Orphan Asylum, and the National Life-boat Institution; £300 each to his executors; £500 to his nephews and nieces, the sons and daughters of Angelina Alexander and Emma Mozley; and legacies to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between the first six named hospitals.

The will (dated April 26), with two codicils (dated April 26 and May 20, 1895), of the Right Hon. John Savile, Baron Savile, G.C.B., of Rufford Abbey, Oller-ton, Notts, and 38, South Street, Park Lane, who died on Nov. 28, was proved on Feb. 19 by the Hon. William Lowther and Sir Francis Beilby Alston, K.C.M.G., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £37,088. The testator gives £40 per month to Madame Amélie Corva; his furniture and effects at South Street to his niece Louisa Swift; £100 each to his executors; £500 to William Shepherd, £300 to Horace Holman, and legacies to servants. All other his furniture, plate, pictures, works of art, and articles of vertu are to devolve as heirlooms and follow the trusts of Rufford Abbey. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephew John Savile Lumley, now second Baron Savile.

The will (dated Nov. 18, 1896) of Mr. Ambrose Emerson, of 64, Gordon Road, Ealing, who died on Dec. 3, was proved on Feb. 12 by Mrs. Jessie Emerson, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £31,666. The testator gives £1000, and all his furniture and effects, to his wife, and his property known as "Bicks Mill," Gloucester, to his son Ambrose. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, as to £5000 as his wife shall appoint, and the ultimate residue, upon trust, for her for life, and then as she shall by deed or will appoint to his children.

The will (dated March 16, 1896) of Mr. Thomas Watkins Wilson, of 71, Philbeach Gardens, Earl's Court,

a retired surgeon of the Indian Medical Service, who died on Jan. 15, was proved on Feb. 16 by Major Taylor Dalrymple Wilson, the son, Miss Mary Ann Wilson, the daughter, and Henry Elliot Johnson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £27,099. The testator gives £2500, part of his furniture, any money in the house and at his drawing account at his bankers to his daughter Mary Ann Wilson; £2500, his leasehold house in Philbeach Gardens, and the remainder of his furniture to his son Taylor Dalrymple Wilson; £3000 to his daughter Annette Osborn; and specific gifts to his family. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his three daughters, Mary Ann Wilson, Georgeanna Margaret, and Annette Osborn.

The will (dated Feb. 15, 1888), with five codicils (dated Feb. 22, 1888; Feb. 25, 1890; Feb. 8, 1891; July 5, 1893; and July 12, 1894), of the Most Hon. George John, third Marquis of Sligo, of Westport House, County Mayo, and 1, Hyde Park Place, who died on Dec. 30, was proved on Feb. 20 by John Thomas, now fourth Marquis of Sligo, the brother, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £23,491. The testator bequeaths all his jewellery and plate in Ireland to go as heirlooms with his settled estate in that country; a mortgage security for £1250 and £2000 railway debentures, both in Ireland, to his wife; and the residue of his personal estate in Ireland to his brother and successor in the title. He charges his land and hereditaments, including leaseholds in Ireland, with the payment of £30,000 to his wife, and subject thereto devises the same to his said brother for life, and then to be settled so that the same shall be annexed to and devolve with the title of Marquis of Sligo. All his real and personal estate in England he gives to his wife.





The will (dated June 22, 1889), with two codicils (dated March 21, 1890, and March 21, 1892), of Mr. Frederic John Mouat, M.D., F.R.C.S., LL.D., of 12, Durham Villas, Kensington, who died on Jan. 12, was proved on Feb. 17 by Mrs. Margaret Mouat, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £14,163. He gives everything he dies possessed of to his wife for her own use and benefit.

The will of Mrs. Mary Wolfinton Lloyd, of 48, Redcliffe Square, Earl's Court, widow, who died on Jan. 9, was proved on Feb. 13 by Harry Sidden Lloyd, the son, and Hubert Edward Harper, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £13,673.

The will and two codicils of Mrs. Thérèse Rosalie Uzielli, widow, of Hanover Lodge, Regent's Park, who died on Dec. 31, was proved on Feb. 23 by the Right Rev. Monsignor Patrick Fenton, the executor, the value of the personal estate being £13,248.

The will and codicil of Mrs. Jane Ann Pryor, widow, of 64, Princes Gate, and formerly of 7, Upper Grosvenor

ANALYSIS OF FOODS

Flesh Forming  (Nitrogenous) Natural Salts 
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Cocoa.

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Strength Restorer known to
Pharmacy and Medicine.

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London Physician.

Mrs. FEATHERSTONEHAUGH, of Wakerley, Darlington, was
afflicted with a terrible skin disease for eighteen years.
Every trace of the malady disappeared after taking four
bottles of Vogeler's Curative Compound. She is now well
and a picture of health.

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dyspepsia, congested liver, and kidney
trouble. The doctors did not help me;
medicines failed to cure me. I became
a physical wreck. I took Vogeler's
Curative Compound continuously for
four months, and it cured me."—CHAS.
N. SMITH, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

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was for nine years afflicted with
nervous prostration, hysteria, dys-
pepsia, and congested kidneys: was
completely cured after taking four
bottles of Vogeler's Curative Com-
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And all diseases arising from
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ESTABLISHED
FIFTY YEARS.

AFFLICTED TWENTY YEARS.

MR. WILLIAM DEAN, of 6, Barleyfield
Row, Walsall, says:—"I have
been afflicted with Rheumatism almost
continually for twenty years. For
twelve months I was unable to work;
I tried different hospitals many doctors,
and several kinds of medicine, all to
no use; was unable to get rest night
or day until I used ST. JACOBS OIL.
As the result of using this marvellous
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work regularly every day free from
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The CHRISTIAN GLOBE says:

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years helpless with Rheumatism, and
after having been sent to three different
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After four days' use of St. JACOBS OIL
he could move his arm without pain.
Continuing the use of it, all pain,
swelling, and stiffness disappeared. He
is now cured and at work."



ACTS
LIKE MAGIC.

Conquers Pain.

Price 1/1½ & 2/6.

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Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers.

CURES

Rheumatism.
Sprains. Strains.
Bruises. Soreness.
Stiffness. Sore Throat.
Chest Colds. Neuralgia.
Lumbago. Backache.
Headache. Feetache.

And all Bodily Aches and Pains.

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supplied by us to the Imperial Stables of
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Horses, Cattle, and Dogs, is the same as that
for Human use except that it is stronger, more
penetrating, and is not so perfectly clear in
colour as that in White Wrappers for Human
use.

The Great Pain-killing Remedy.
There is nothing so good.

Street, Grosvenor Square, who died on Jan. 7, have been proved by William Henry Muschamp, Mortimer Drewe Malleson, and Edward Vickris Pryor, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £3501.

The will of Mr. William George Dowden, J.P., of Park House, Blaenavon, Monmouthshire, manager of the Blaenavon Works, who died on Nov. 12, was proved on Feb. 17 by Henry Charles Steel and John Paton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £3767.

The will of Captain William Trevelyan Somerset Kevill-Davies, J.P., of Moor Hall, near Ludlow, Salop, who died on Dec. 25, was proved on Feb. 16 by Mrs. Annie Richardson Lily Kevill-Davies, the widow, and Albert Brassey, of Heythrop, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £2278.

A trial passage from Kingstown to Holyhead was made on Saturday last by the Royal Mail steamer *Leinster*, the second of the four mail-packets built for the City of Dublin Company under the conditions prescribed by the mail contract of last year.

Major Robert White, one of the members of the Jameson Expedition who have been serving the time of imprisonment to which they were condemned, was released from Holloway Jail on Saturday last, having completed his term of seven months. His less fortunate comrade, Sir John Willoughby, still remains in durance, having another three months to serve.

CHIT-CHAT OF TRAVEL.

II.—PIRÆUS AND ATHENS.

The harbour of Piræus was full of men-of-war as we anchored there on a brilliant morning which called itself November, but which seemed to belong more rightly to August, and there was a feeling of preparation and "waiting for orders" in the air which we found agreeably exciting. The steam-launch bore us to the shore, and though the walk to the station is only a few hundred yards in extent, we were delighted by a dozen quaintnesses of costume and custom before it was over. It was in the station, for instance, that we saw the first Albanian. He came strolling on to the platform, and we gasped and held our breath. The head of a Turk—the skirts of a ballet-dancer—the legs of an acrobat—truly he is a wonderful apparition, and we never rested until we had discovered how he induced his diminutive kilt to expand in such an extraordinary fashion. It appears that a length of stiff white linen is pleated into overlapping folds, as in the case of a kilt; but, instead of being content with wrapping it once round him like his Scottish brother, the Albanian winds it round and round until the acme of smartness is reached and his skirts are level with his waist. The guard of honour at the Palace is composed of men dressed in this costume, and very imposing they must look, albeit a trifle pantomimic for staid English taste.

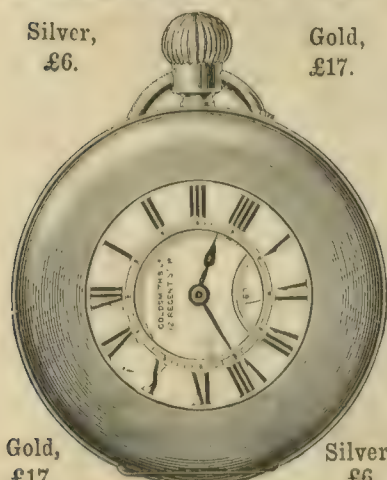
In the long open compartment of the train we were seated in the next carriage to a party of English middies, to whom we addressed ourselves with patriotic fervour.

Fine open-faced looking young fellows they were, and very pleased to have a few minutes' chat with fellow-countrymen. Of their next move they knew as little as we did ourselves, but when we inquired as to their wishes a wistful look came over their faces, and "Home to England!" came the quick reply. When they left the train at an intermediate station, to have a swim, we bade them good-bye with offerings of cigarettes and good wishes. "Ain't they sportsmen!" cried the witty man. "God bless them, the dear fellows!" said our cleric, and we watched them proudly so long as their strong young figures were in sight.

There had been no rain in Athens for seven months, and the heat was pitiless, the dust all pervading. We could not face the prospect of dragging about those arid plains, so we chartered a carriage and drove luxuriously from one place to another. Time has stained the marble of the grand old ruins to a rich, glowing yellow, and no picture or written description can give an idea of their extraordinary impressiveness. A few broken pillars stand in the centre of a sandy plain on which a squad of soldiers are drilling. They are the remains of the Temple of Jupiter, and rise from the baked earth without a leaf of foliage or creeper to soften the outline. The description sounds uninteresting to the verge of depression—the reality is so wonderful that we gazed in silence, and turn to gaze again so long as they are in sight. The almighty ruin has a spell of its own which defies explanation.

It affects one with the sense of the ludicrous that one should have travelled all the way to Athens to be told on

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New Brilliant Tie and Emerald Circle and Centre Brooch, £45. Brilliants and Rubies, £42. Brilliants and Sapphires, £31 10s.
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New Scarf Pin, Stones set transparent, Rubies and Diamonds, 30s. Sapphires and Diamonds, same price.
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Fine Brilliant Brooch, £17 15s.
Solid Gold Safety Pin Brooches, this size, 3s. 6d.; larger, 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 7s. 6d. Same in Silver, 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d. each. Smaller size in Gold, 2s. 6d.
Best Gold Scarf Pin, 7.6. Smaller size, 5s.
New Brooch, 18 Brilliants, 3 Rubies or Sapphires, and 2 whole Pearls, £5 5s.
New Moon Brooch, containing 25 Choice White Brilliants, £21. Smaller size, £15 10s. Same Brooch in Rose Diamonds, £10 10s. and £7 7s.
New Diamond Brooch, containing 23 Diamonds and 1 whole Pearl, £4 4s. Bracelet to match, £5 5s. A Brooch, in second quality Diamonds, without Pearl, £2 17s. 6d.
Choice £31 10s.
Brilliant Marquise Ring, Larger & Smaller Sizes in Stock.
Choice Brilliant Marquise Ring, £15 15s.
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Estimates and Sketches for Names, in Diamonds or Gold, Monograms and free on application.
Ostrich-Feather Fan, 15 in. long. Black on Shell £3 3s. .. 2nd qual. £2 2s. White on Pearl £5 5s. £4 4s. Natural on Shell £4 4s. £3 10s. Superior Fans up to £9 9s kept in stock.
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XII

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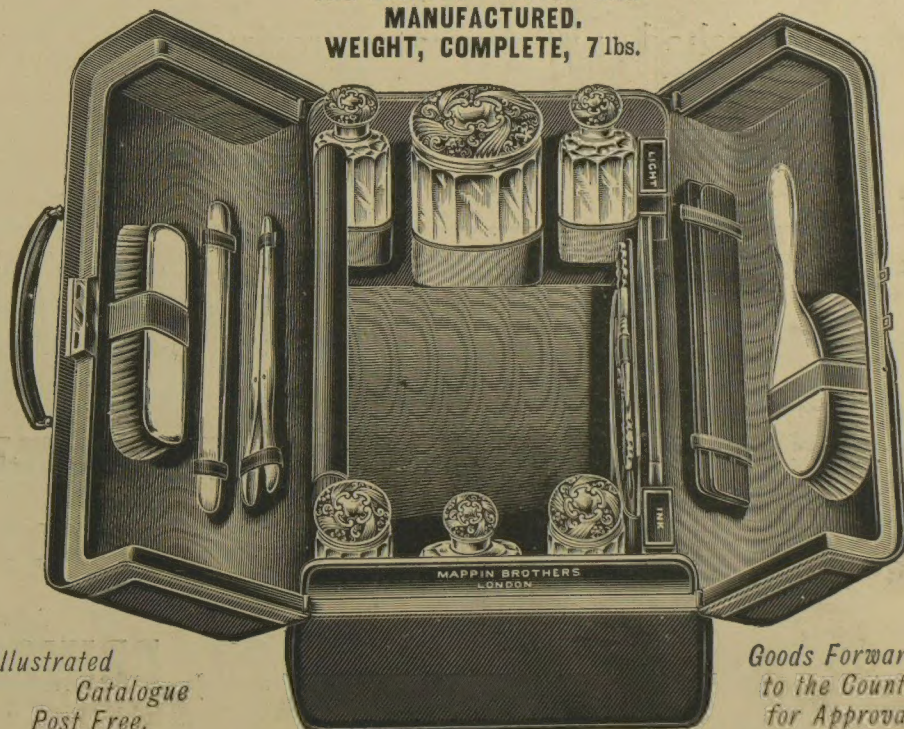
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frequent occasions that the fresco, the statue, the relief on which we gazed was an imitation only, and that the original was in the British Museum. At home in England we should no doubt have rejoiced in the intelligence, but standing within the walls of the Parthenon we felt defrauded of our rights, and Grecian in sympathy.

The shops in Athens are attractive, but English is an unknown tongue, and French only is spoken in the most important establishments. We went on a voyage of discovery, and in a small side-street discovered a silversmith's shop which was the double of one described by Marion Crawford in one of his later novels. The glass cases were filled with eikons and exquisitely chased silver ornaments, and the inner door opened into a shed, where swarthy, dark-skinned men sat modelling in wax, bending over the small furnaces or chasing patterns upon the silver with finely pointed instruments. We fell in love with an eikon, and the bargaining was conducted in pantomime of the most successful description. We heard the history of the eikon from its earliest stages—how it was composed of metal as pure as that of the Queen's shilling itself; how its weight alone was worth its price; how weary weeks of work had been expended in bringing it to its present state of perfection; how its owner's hopes of riches and honour had been centred on this, his masterpiece, and finally that his sun was eclipsed, and that he looked forward to an old age of penury and want in consequence of being obliged to sell it at a reduction of two-and-six! When one can enjoy

Greek novelette of this description by means of gestures towards till, scales, and calendar, and a few facial contortions, how superfluous the labours of the student who ploughs his painful way from Alpha onward!

On returning to Piræus we had an amusing encounter in the train. There were three other occupants of the carriage—a handsome, middle-aged Greek, a stout lady, and a sleepy priest, and it appeared that the first-named had a cause of complaint against us. He spoke loudly, and with emphasis, and when we only stared in reply he leapt from his seat and held up his hands in contempt. At last his energetic gestures brought understanding. There were too many of us. The lady was uncomfortably crowded by our presence; we had no business to have come into the carriage in such numbers. No sooner was this borne in upon us than that member of the party who prided himself upon maintaining the honour of his country abroad jumped to his feet, and gesticulated to the effect that he would stand to make room for the lady. The Greek, however, was on his dignity, and refused to sit down. He waved his hand in disdain, speaking volubly and in injured accents, but the Englishman stood his ground. He remarked (colloquially) that he was at a loss to understand what the Athenian gentleman was saying—that he was not greatly concerned to discover his meaning, but that as he was disinclined to be outdone in politeness by a characteristic Greek he intended to stand where he was for just so long a period as he

chose! For five minutes longer this farce was kept up, the Greek scowling darkly at one window, the Englishman leaning nonchalantly against the other; then suddenly somebody laughed, and in a moment every occupant of the carriage had joined in the chorus. The comical side of the situation could no longer be ignored, the clouds were lifted, and peace restored. The Greek sat down and beckoned to the Englishman to follow his example, the lady smiled blandly on both alike, the priest took snuff, and for the remainder of the journey he beamed upon everyone with uninterrupted friendliness.

One more adventure before we were on board our floating home. The steam-launch which was to have met us went to a wrong pier, and we were obliged to charter a boat on our own account. Now it was dark, the harbour was crowded with vessels, and it is extraordinary how much alike all ships look when viewed from the water. We paddled up to a Russian war-ship, and waved our hands affectionately to the officers on deck; we hailed a French gun-boat, and shouted out scathing inquiries as to the missing launch; we peered through the port-holes of a third vessel, declaring, "Yes; we were sure we recognised the curtains!" and the only ship which was unanimously denied turned out to be our own yacht. We rushed on board with all possible speed, in time to partake of dinner and be ready to welcome those officers of our own fleet who were to be our guests at an impromptu hop on deck.

J. M.

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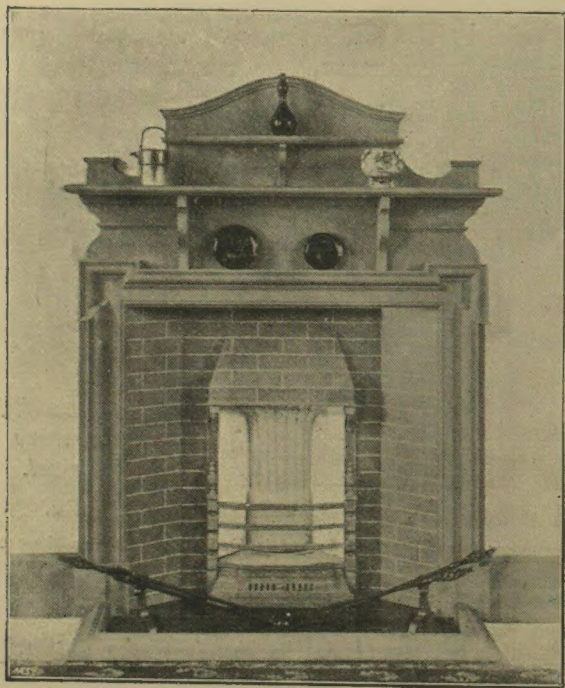
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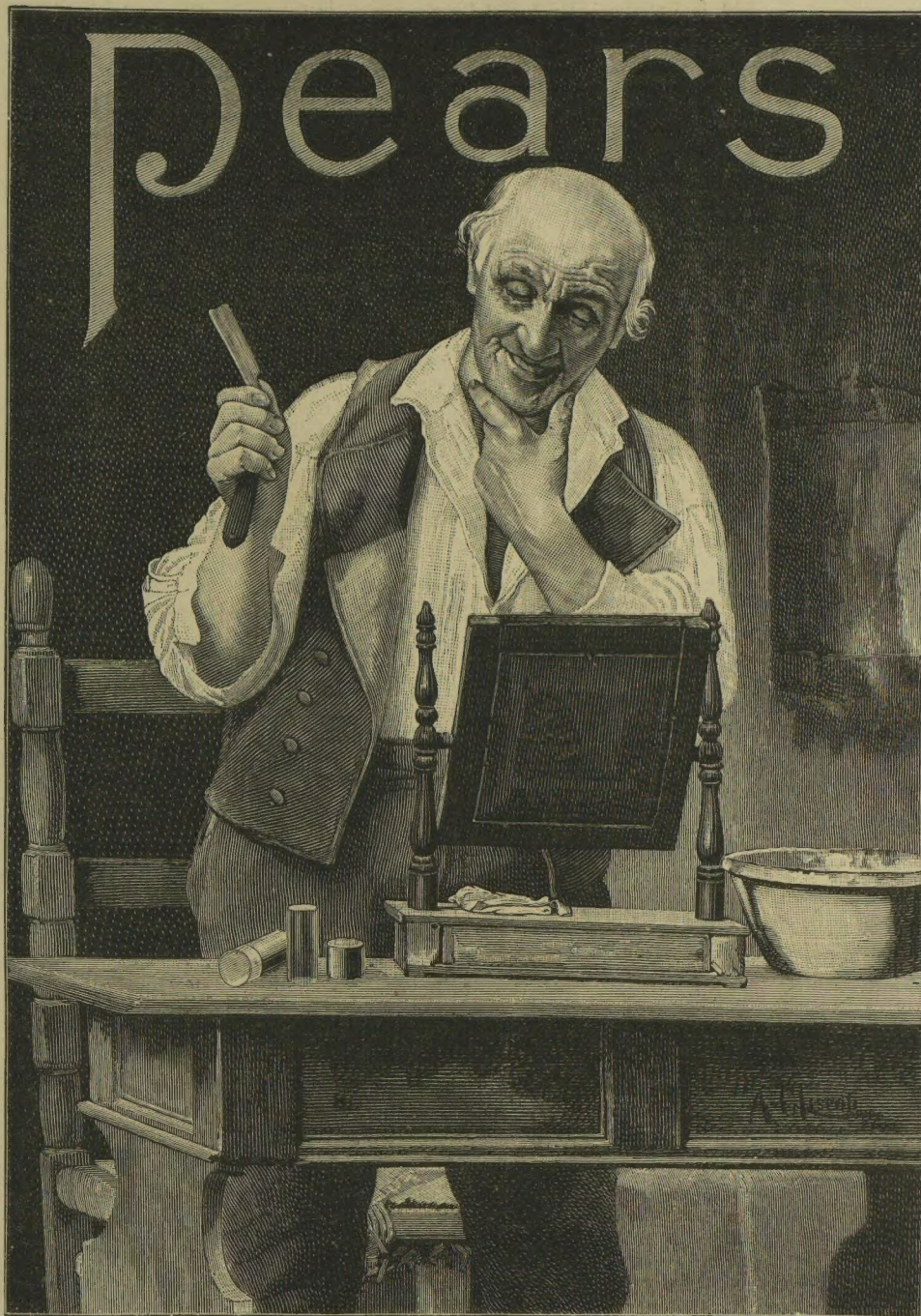
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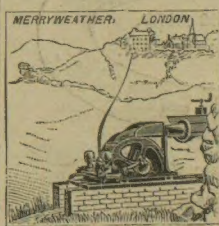
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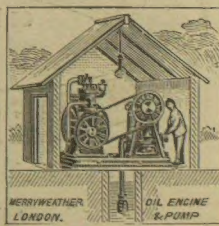
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

SIR HENRY IRVING'S REAPPEARANCE.

At the Lyceum on Saturday last the inevitable reigned. Sir Henry Irving reappearing that evening for the first time since his accident, it was inevitable that he should be greeted by an audience as enthusiastic as it was crowded, as excited as it was sympathetic. It was inevitable, too, that at the close of the performance Sir Henry should be compelled, by the fervour of the assemblage, to express in words his sense of their affectionate welcome, making graceful reference to the indisposition of Miss Terry, which had caused the substitution of "Richard III." for "Madame Sans-Gêne." Not so definitely to be expected was the vigour as well as the combined subtlety and breadth of Sir Henry's impersonation. Some trace of the effects of the recent sprain might well have been looked for, but, happily, were not forthcoming. Our leading actor has never displayed more physical energy than he was able, fortunately, to exhibit last Saturday. Evidently the long-enforced rest has renewed his bodily strength. This, in its turn, has enabled him to charge his representation of Richard with a persistent and consistent power which carries all before it.

"LA POUPÉE," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

The production of "La Poupée" on Feb. 24 was altogether a noteworthy event. In the first place, Mr. Lowenfeld, the manager, in order to meet the recent demands of first-nighters in a fair spirit, notified the audience that anyone

who was dissatisfied could have his money back from the box-office; then the piece, which is an admirable specimen of M. Audran's musical methods, gives this theatre entirely over to France—"A Pierrot's Life" still holding the afternoon bill; and, last of all, its entire success goes to confirm the theory that a renaissance of real human comic opera is imminent. If "La Poupée" is an "impossible story," as the programmes proclaim, it is very delightful. Lancelot, a timid, coy Corydon, while deprecating the desire of his uncle, the Baron de Chantrelle, that he should marry, is very anxious to annex the dot of 100,000 francs which would come with a wife, but which he wants to bestow on the Church, which he longs to wed as a would-be monk. So he hies him to the shop of a famous puppet-maker, Hilarius, to marry the toyman's marvellous automatic maiden, Alesia. But Miss Hilarius disables the doll, and in order to keep the disaster from her father's ears, takes its place. So Lancelot is wedded to a real Elaine, and discovering her charms, prefers to hold her and let the Church find another bridegroom. It is a charming story told in a fine spirit of comedy. The living doll introduced us to Mlle. Alice Favier, a fascinating Frenchwoman, who instantly scored a great success. Mr. Willie Edouin as the toyman is very funny. Mr. Courtice Pounds makes a capital Lancelot, and Mr. Norman Salmund as a monk revives the art of singing on a stage that has been monopolised by "musical comedy." The choruses of the monks are exceedingly effective, and the mounting is beyond reproach. "La Poupée" seems likely to stay.

"THE MACHAGGIS," AT THE GLOBE THEATRE.

"The MacHaggis," by Mr. Jerome K. Jerome and Mr. Eden Phillpotts, produced at the Globe Theatre on Feb. 25, is nothing more or less than the stage form of a Cockney's view of the Scots Highlander. The central idea is essentially funny. James Grant, Esquire, of Primrose Mansions, Battersea Park, is a Scot by descent, but not by inclination—a poor puling creature, such as Mr. Weedon Grossmith alone can give life to in the theatre. All of a sudden he finds himself elevated (by the death of a relative) to the position of "The MacHaggis," head of his clan, the sworn foes of the McMucks. The poor chieftain is compelled to masquerade in a kilt, to countenance all sorts of barbaric clan rites, to be followed by a piper, and finally to fight a duel with weapons which have not been in use in Scotland since the days of Roderick Dhu. That duel is screamingly funny, and rung the curtain down amid rounds of hearty laughter. But the triumph is purely an actor's one. The dialogue itself is dreary, the humour is ponderous, but the players gave life to it all. Mr. Grossmith was intensely comic as the Anglo-Scot, doleful, helpless. That charming comédienne, Miss Beatrice Ferrar, was bewitching as a Highland girl—very different from the maiden whom Wordsworth noted silent in the fields. Miss Laura Johnson was hysterically vivacious as an erotic half-caste, and Mr. Blake Adams was a boisterous Celt with a Lowland accent. "The MacHaggis" is distinctly primitive, but its players make it amusing.

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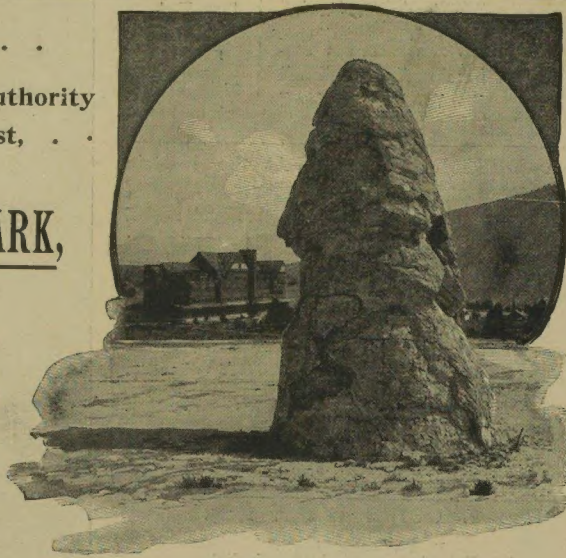
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